

ABBOTT BROS.' LAW WORKS.

BAKER, VOORHIS & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO JOHN S. VOORHIS),

LAW BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,
66 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

PUBLISH

ABBOTT'S DIGEST

OF

NEW YORK REPORTS AND STATUTES.

6 vols. royal 8vo. Nearly 800 pages each.

Price per vol. \$6 50.

"As a monument of accurate research and correct judgment, we know nothing of its kind that equals this Digest. As an acquisition to our jurisprudence, it does honor to the State, and merits the gratitude of every lawyer. It is perfectly exhaustive of the work it undertakes. We do not hesitate to say that in breadth of design, thoroughness of research, comprehension of the multitudinous subjects in hand, classification, convenience, and accuracy, there is no similar work in the world which can, as a whole, compare with this Digest."

Vol. VII (Supplement), containing Digest of Statutes and Reports from 1863 to 1866, is now in preparation.

This great work has won for itself a national reputation, and has almost entirely supplanted all previous New York Digests. These volumes should be in the possession of every lawyer not only of this State, but of all the States, as they are almost equally valuable in every part of the Union.

ABBOTT'S FORMS OF PRACTICE AND PLEADING.

Two volumes. Price \$11 00.

A full collection of Forms of Practice and Pleadings in actions, whether for legal or equitable relief, and in Special Proceedings. Prepared with reference to the Code of Procedure, and to the New Practice as existing in the States of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Iowa, Oregon, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri, Alabama, and California.

The object of this work is to present a well selected and ample collection of forms of Practice and Pleadings, with especial reference to the changes in practice introduced in many of the States by the Code of Procedure or Practice Acts.

These Forms have met with the general approval of the legal profession; and, from the unusual success attending the work, the publishers believe it to be the best of its kind now in use.

The third edition is now ready.

Just Published.

THE LATEST, FULLEST, AND BEST.

ABBOTT BROS.' NEW LAW WORK.**THE CLERK'S AND CONVEYANCER'S ASSISTANT.**

The work is divided into ninety-five chapters, and contains over THIRTEEN HUNDRED FORMS, covering nearly every subject connected with CONVEYANCING, CONTRACTS, and LEGAL PROCEEDINGS. With copious instructions, explanations, and authorities.

THE WORK IS ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION, PUBLIC OFFICERS, AND OF BUSINESS MEN IN GENERAL. The forms are sufficiently clear to enable one to use them who has not a knowledge of technical law.

THE WORK IS INTENDED FOR CIRCULATION IN EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY. Care has been taken, upon all subjects of general importance, to explain the difference between the laws of different States, and where necessary to present forms appropriate to each.

THE CLERK'S AND CONVEYANCER'S ASSISTANT is in one large 8vo volume, of about 750 pages, compactly printed. Price \$6 bound in law sheep, or \$5 50 in neat cloth. Sent by mail upon receipt of the price.

ABBOTT'S PRACTICE REPORTS.

Nineteen volumes. Price \$5 per vol.

Reports of Practice Cases determined in the Courts of the State of New York, with a Digest of all Points of Practice embraced in the Standard New York Reports and Acts of the Legislature, published during the period covered by each volume. By ABBOTT BROTHERS, Counselors-at-Law.

By Practice Cases the editor does not mean cases decided under the Code exclusively. Cases illustrative of Criminal Practice, of the mode of conducting Special Proceedings, of the Rules of Evidence, of Procedure in the various Special Tribunals, are, to a considerable extent, embraced in the plan.

In a word, the series embraces decisions which instruct the professional man how to do that which he is liable professionally to be called upon to do.

New Series supplied in numbers, paper covers, at \$4 per vol.

ABBOTT'S DIGEST OF THE LAW OF CORPORATIONS.

Now in Preparation.

This work will embrace not only the law of Private Corporations, but also that of Municipal Corporations.

It will not be a treatise, but an Abridgement or Digest; that is, the points of law will be separately stated, in the language of the authorities, and with references to them. The aim will be simply to present the law as it has been developed, and is now established.

(For further details respecting this important work, send for a catalogue.)

The Publishers desire to introduce these valuable Legal Works still more generally among the Profession, and will offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to Dealers and others purchasing in quantities.

Gentlemen who are forming or replenishing Law Libraries and who may favor us with their attention, either personally or by letter, may rely upon being supplied on the most reasonable terms. Catalogues sent upon application.

We have upon our shelves nearly all the leading legal works published; and, if not on hand, we supply, without delay, any book required (if in print) at the publisher's lowest cash prices.

Single volumes will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, upon receipt of the catalogue price.

Second-hand law books bought, sold, and received in exchange.

Lists sent to us will be promptly priced, and returned by mail.

We import Foreign Law Books direct, through our London agents.

BAKER, VOORHIS & CO.,LAW BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, AND IMPORTERS OF
LAW BOOKS,

66 Nassau Street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE UNITED STATES DURING THE WAR

By AUGUSTE LAUGEL. 8vo, \$3 75.

THE MATERIALISM OF THE PRESENT DAY.

By PAUL JANET. 12mo, \$1 50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART.

By H. TAINE. 12mo, \$1 50.

BAILLIERE BROS., Publishers,

520 Broadway, New York.

Immense Prices Paid for Old Books.

CHEAPEST BOOKSTORE IN THE WORLD.

10,000 PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS at our price.

100,000 BOOKS ON HAND, HISTORY, etc., at your price.

500,000 STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS, etc., at any price.

CATALOGUES FREE.

LECCAT BROTHERS,

113 Nassau Street, New York.

New Physiognomy; or, Signs of Character

—as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in the Human Face Divine. With more than 1,000 illustrations. By S. R. WELLS, editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In one volume, handsomely bound, \$5 00. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

This work systematizes and shows the scientific basis on which each claim rests. The "signs of character" are minutely elucidated, and so plainly stated as to render them available. It is in the delineation of individual character that the system finds its most useful application. The various races and nations are described. The Teuton, Celt, Scandinavian, Greek, Mongolian, Indian, Patagonian, African, etc., has each his representative. Portraits, in groups, of distinguished persons of ancient and modern times, with biographical sketches and delineations of character, render the work of interest to all. DIVINES, ORATORS, STATESMEN, WARRIORS, ARTISTS, POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, INVENTORS, PUGILISTS, SENGUERRA, DISCOVERERS, ACTORS, MUSICIANS, etc., are given. It is an ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY, acquainting the reader with the career and character, in brief, of many great men and women of the past 1,600 years, and of the present—such, for instance, as Aristotle, Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Washington, Napoleon, Franklin, Bancroft, Bryant, Longfellow, Barues, Irving, Rosa Bonheur, Theodora Burr, Cobden, Bright, Lawrence, Bolivar, Whately, Thackeray, Dow, Knox, Richelieu, Hopper, Buckle, Dickens, Victoria, Wesley, Carlyle, Motley, Mill, Spencer, Guthrie, Thompson, Alexander, etc. Every feature of the book, where practicable, has been illustrated with neat and finely-executed engravings. AGENTS WANTED.

A TOUR WITH THE POLICE THROUGH THE LOWER DEPTHS

OF THE

GREAT AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

A DISCOURSE BY REV. PETER STRYKER.

"Graceful in style, full of interest and information."

Appears in PULPIT AND ROSTRUM, No. 38. Price 15 cents.

Sent everywhere by mail.

SCHERMERHORN, BANCROFT & CO.,

PUBLISHERS,

430 Broome Street, New York.

EDUCATIONAL NOTICE.

The undersigned begs leave to announce to his friends and the public that he has purchased the beautiful estate known as

"SPRINGSIDE,"

at Pittsfield, Mass., for the purpose of establishing there a

CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

for Boys and Young Men, after the model of the best Polytechnic Institutions. He will avail himself of the foundation laid by Rev. Chas. E. Abbott, who has for ten years past maintained there an admirable school for boys.

Ample provision will be made for preparing pupils for advanced classes in College, and especially

FOR FITTING YOUNG MEN

for practical life and the scientific professions.

The school will compose three departments, the Preparatory, Academic, and Scientific. Of these, the first two alone will be thoroughly organized at the opening, which is fixed for the 15th of October ensuing.

A limited number of pupils will be received into the family as boarders.

For particulars, application may be made by letter.

WM. C. RICHARDS.

Pittsfield, May 16, 1866.

FIRTH'S MUSIC STORE,

563 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THADDEUS FIRTH

(SUCCESSOR TO FIRTH, SON & CO.),

PUBLISHER OF MUSIC,

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF ALL KINDS OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.SOLE NEW YORK AGENCY FOR THE CELEBRATED
Gilmore Band Instruments.

* * Music sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of retail price. Orders by mail receive careful and prompt attention.

OAKLEY & MASON,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

21 MURRAY STREET,

OLD STAND OF PRATT, OAKLEY & CO.,

Between Broadway and Church St.,

NEW YORK.

THE SOUTHERN HOME CIRCLE,

A large Quarto of Eight Pages, with Five Columns in each, elegantly printed, devoted to

CHOICE LITERATURE, NEWS, AND COMMERCE.

Published every Saturday at the exceedingly low rate of only \$3 00 per annum, invariably in advance; served by carriers at 30 cents per month.

OFFICE: 19 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Every one should subscribe for "THE SOUTHERN HOME CIRCLE"—Because it contains many Original Productions and Choice Selections.

Because the best writers in the country contribute to its columns.

Because it is Conservative, avoiding all extremes, and opposing Radicalism of every description.

Because it is an Independent Journal, belonging to no party, and avoids all sectarianism.

Because nothing immoral is admitted into its columns.

Because its columns are entirely devoted to Choice Literature.

Because it is one of the very best and cheapest Literary Journals now published.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

We now propose the following splendid Club rates:

5 copies to one post-office,	- - - -	\$12 00
10 " " " "	- - - -	23 00
15 " " " "	- - - -	33 00

These exceedingly low rates are a great inducement for ladies, disabled soldiers, postmasters, or any one not specially employed to go to work and make up clubs.

Address

"The Southern Home Circle,"

19 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

J. A. HUSTON.

THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

(ESTABLISHED 1855.)

A SUPERB LITERARY COMPANION AND STERLING OLD
HOME JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

WILLIAM B. SMITH & COMPANY,

58 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE is elegantly printed on beautiful white paper, mammoth sheet, with eight large pages.

Its corps of contributors includes nearly all the most distinguished authors of the country.

THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE aims to occupy the first position as a national weekly paper. Its Criticisms are prepared with a view to fairness and independence. And, above all, it seeks to discuss Current Topics with originality, vigor, and impartiality.

It contains each week a very carefully compiled record of American and Foreign Literary, Art, Theatrical, and Musical News.

Politically, it is as silent as the grave. It has no political cause to uphold—none to condemn—but is devoted to the interests of the common country, and as such seeks to strengthen the ties of good feeling between different sections and states.

Its Romances, Stories, Tales, Novellettes, Sketches, Criticisms, Reviews, Poems, Biographies, Witticisms, Essays, Travels, Adventures, etc., etc., are pure, entertaining, and instructive in a degree rarely attained in periodical literature.

In accordance with the name of the paper a special department is devoted to the Field, wherein are given articles, hints, and suggestions on the practical management of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard, and the Kitchen.

The only literary paper in the South that has been a success is THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE. This is a notable fact. Of the thousands of literary enterprises in the South, back through its entire history, THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE is the only successful one! It stands alone! For twelve years it has battled triumphantly on. Through financial crises it went on. Through war and desolation it retained its old undaunted mein and went on. And with a steady step it still moves onward and upward to-day.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One year,	- - - \$5 00	Clubs of five, one year,	\$20 00
Six months,	- - - 2 50	Clubs of ten,	40 00

And an extra copy to the party getting up a club of ten.

In view of the severe financial crisis now prevailing in the southern states, we will receive subscribers from any of those states for six or three months.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR LESS THAN A YEAR:

1 subscriber, six months,	\$2 50	1 subscriber, three months,	\$1 25
5 " " " "	10 00	5 " " " "	5 00

THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE is sent by mail to all parts of the United States, British Provinces, and foreign countries, done up in strong wrappers, with the utmost punctuality and dispatch.

Subscriptions, orders, remittances, and all other communications must be addressed to

WM. B. SMITH & CO.,

58 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

A WOMAN'S WORK.

I.
I HAVE seen her again to-day,
With the pale gold hair, and the eyes
Where the light of the sunset lay,
As it slipped from the perfect skies.

II.
And the same still smile she wore
That in Heaven can hardly change,
Save to brighter perhaps than before
As it ceases at last to be strange.

III.
Yes, I saw her again and am strong;
Strong to love and be true to the strife
Of my soul that attempts to prolong
Its best moment and make it a life,

IV.
Like to hers, whom I love with my soul,
Though my love must be never made known,
Till the long journey ends at the goal
Which for her sake I seek all alone.

V.
All alone, but with joy, for I know
That 'tis better to climb for her love,
And to spend a whole life loving so,
Than that she should stoop once from above.

VI.
'Tis enough for this life of a day
That I love her and say not a word,
But live like her, as like as I may,
Till the time comes at last to be heard.

VII.
When I meet her in heaven that is,
And she smiles as I say to her, Dear,
How I loved you on earth, know from this,
That I loved you and followed you here.

ROBERT WEEKS.

PIPES ESTHETICALLY CONSIDERED.

FEW fields would so amply repay the labors of the collector and editor as the literature of tobacco. From the days of quaint Elizabethan writers to those of the uproarious hilarity of the earlier *Punch* and the aggressive wails of modern medical journals, the glory and the infamy of smoking have been fertile themes for poet, essayist, moralist, savant, statistician, and maiden aunt. There have been poems eulogistic, poems disparaging, poems epicurean, poems denunciatory, poems apotheosizing smoke, and poems as severely practical as the one which alleges as its objections thereto that

"Tobacco is an Indian weed,
And from the devil doth proceed:
It empties your pockets, spoils your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose."

By turns, and in conflicting pamphlets, sermons, and lectures, the pipe has been glorified as a solace for weary and troubled hours, a source of inspiration for poet and artist, an unfailing friend, constant in prosperity and in adversity; and denounced as the abiding place of the demon of dyspepsia, the missionary of bad temper and fretful nervousness, and as an infallible token of its votary's rapid descent toward physical, mental, and moral perdition.

What a gap would mar our literature if the pipe were eliminated from it! What an outward and visible sign of individual and national character should we have forfeited had the pipe never been invented! It is an essential part of Mr. Verdant Green's Oxonian experiences, and of Brown, Jones, and Robinson's Continental tour. It is firmly planted in the mouths of Leech's cockneys and counter-jumpers, and entwined in the hat-bands of Irving's buccaneers and Cooper's backwoodsmen. Nieu Amsterdam had been transmogrified if deprived of the sturdy Dutchmen who made the duration of pipes their unit of time, and evolved from them such clouds as hid their city from an invading fleet. As an index of disposition, what is so infallible as the pipe? Old King Cole, notoriously a jolly old soul of aldermanic rotundity, is intuitively believed to have called, along with his bowl, for a long, straight-stemmed pipe; for at the image of a short or crooked one every well-regulated imagination would revolt. One of William

the Testy's most deservedly obnoxious measures, the observant Dietrich Knickerbocker informs us, was his supplanting the respectable, lazy, long pipe by the irritable, vixenish short stem which he obviously must himself have employed. And one of the most flagrant outrages upon common sense of which we are aware is the representation of Mr. Qulp and his youthful myrmidon, who was wont to stand upon his head and look in at ground-floor windows with his heels, as smoking long pipes as a means of sickening Mr. Brass. With such temperaments as theirs nothing but short, dirty, clay pipes could have adapted themselves to their mouths.

How beautifully, again, does Nature harmonize the formation of the national pipe with that of the national disposition and character. The Hibernian dhudeen, stumpy, brown, usually held upside down in the mouth, emitting pestilential odors of consuming "nigger-head," has an obvious fitness and even a personal resemblance to its owner. No less apparent is the harmony between the immense, well-browned, silver-mounted bowls of the meerschams which dwell along the Rhine and the voluminous, cosy, half-asleep Germans with the preposterous national blonde moustache, who ever and anon puff them as they luxuriate in their beer-gardens or enjoy their *otium cum dig.* lolling at ease before their doors. The Yankee brier-root, the Turkish hookah, the Oriental nargileh, the little opium pipe of the antipodes, the calumet of the aborigines, the hollowed corn-cob of the Southern plantations—it were as wild an idea to think of interchanging these as to proffer to the Japanese our form of government in exchange for their own, or to install a Massachusetts Puritan as the lord of an Eastern harem. Professor Agassiz may or may not get his megatherium correct, basing it upon a big-toe nail; but, had the people of Herculaneum and Pompeii been smokers, the unearthing of a single tobacco-shop would have afforded the antiquarian complete and authentic insight into the nature of their municipal government, political theories, social usages, and domestic habits.

Such are some of the more obvious considerations which would strike the student of tobacco literature. They involve mainly the manifestation of character in pipes; but there is another chapter which yet remains, so far as we know, to be written. It should treat of the influence of pipes upon character, and should be handled without reference to the old ladies of either sex who consider pipes, dissipation, hypochondria, and loss of social caste inevitable concomitants. Such a work should be entrusted only to the social philosopher who is himself an enthusiast in meerschams, who has himself known and suffered. In such hands it would assume the dimensions of the most important division of an exhaustive treatise upon tobacco.

First, we should have the influence of pipes upon commerce and invention, the degree to which they have been prostituted by a utilitarian age, unperceptive of their higher attributes than a mere money value. To uncultivated and sordid minds of restless ingenuity we owe an infinite variety of villainous contrivances designed to fill the sphere of the pipe. Their severe simplicity has been invaded by every species of scientific abomination—flexible tubes, hydraulic attachments, emulsulating scents, horrible combinations of cups and rubber and sponges and valves. We feel warmly, for once during our college days, in a moment of weakness, we became the possessor of a marvelous arrangement of rubber, porcelain, and sponge—an atrocious miscegenate union of a siphon and a gas-meter. A few puffs convinced us of the infamy of the machine; and we resigned it to our unsuspecting chum, who thereby became likewise a victim to inevitable fate. Thenceforth the hybrid was held sacred to invading bores whose infliction could be removed by no milder expedient. The retribution was severe but effectual, and to this day a longing for the pestilential instrument often possesses us as our reveries over a meerscham, charged with green seal, are rudely invaded by unperceptive garrulity and irrepressible good nature.

Even the philosophic smoker may not generally be aware how potent is the power of the pipe upon the mind, and how multiform are the passions it brings into play—ambition and emulation, when one be-

holds a gloriously umbered, refulgent meerscham and longs to produce its rival—envy, if he have not the means to procure it—credulity, when he applies to the pipe-seller for the raw material in the form of the unsullied pipe—hope and faith, when he becomes its possessor and looks forward to its future capabilities—perseverance, as he smokes on heroically until nausea puts him *hors de combat*—patience, as he continues day after day watching the imperceptible growth of the slowly spreading tinge—ingenuity, as he exhausts every expedient of invention to accelerate its progress—disappointment, if all his efforts prove in vain—malevolence, if, in such case, his rival achieve greater success than his own—triumphant vainglory, if his struggles avail. Such are some of the emotions inherent to the progress of every pipe.

But there are everyday, ever-recurring experiences which the pipe-smoker only can appreciate, and which leave their impress upon his character. He is pestered by young ladies and old gentlemen of an investigating turn to know *why* a colored meerscham is preferable to a new one, why it is better than a clay pipe, why it is covered, why it must not get wet or unduly heated. Antique aunts and mothers-in-law compare his pipe disadvantageously with cigars on the score of gentility, and instance negro nurses and apple-women as the class of people to whom pipes are legitimate and germane. Children of tender years regard the sedulously guarded pipe as an available toy, desirable to use as a hammer; and unperceptive Biddies hustle it recklessly into abrading drawers and treat it as if unsusceptible of injury. Even people who are in other respects civilized—who wear gloves and speak good English, who distinguish between the uses of knives and forks, and do not operate upon their teeth and finger-nails in public—many such people, from whom we have a right to expect better things, will seize a pipe irreverently, handle it familiarly, leaving imprints of their fingers upon its polished surface, will dig it into a box of tobacco to fill it, and sully its sides as they light it with a match. The smoker who duly cherishes his companion must either be long-suffering and forbearing, or obdurately refuse to trust the tender object of his affection out of his own protecting hands. Long as our prolific theme has grown, we must not omit the sorest trial of the smoker's patience—the smoking-car. There he will find no refuge, no reserve. Barbarians will demand "fire," ignore the stem, and pollute your pipe with unclean, that is to say, with unwashed, hands, thrusting their vile spirals of cabbage leaves into its inmost recesses and dispelling its sweetness. Chatterboxes will occupy the seat next you. Ruffians will expectorate upon your boots. Most agitating of all—that worst specimen of the unprotected female, the ancient lady possessed of an irresistible propensity to be where she has no business, will invade the only sanctuary of your sex, and, sternly confronting you, will glare upon you with an aspect of virtue outraged at the thought that you presume to smoke in her presence. Even the sanctity of your home and your own particular den, held sacred to cloud-compelling Lares and Penates, may be invaded by ancient relatives in whose noses and stomachs survive the traditions of a by-gone era, deference to whom banishes yourself and your pipe to the uninhabitable seclusion of an attic or to peripatetic devotions out of doors.

The world in which the smoker lives is one that none but himself can comprehend. Experience alone can reveal its mysteries, its luxuries, its trials. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we cannot better bring our remarks on the pipe to a close than by a citation from the well-digested views of matrimony expressed by the paternal Weller: "Ven you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't."

ABOUT SIGNS AND SYMBOLS.

THERE are certain relics of what people are fond calling "the good old times" which seem to bid defiance to that ruthless iconoclast, fashion, and of these are the signs by which the various crafts and callings are designated. It is probable, indeed,

that at no period in the history of the world have these devices been more numerous and varied than at present; and, while the progress of invention and the requirements of the age have brought many curious and novel ones into existence, yet the time-honored insignia are to be seen in their appropriate places, and men still quaff their beer under the swinging sign of the Black Bull, or have their beard trimmed behind the pie-bald pole that indicates the professor of the tonsorial art.

And of all the emblems of calling none is more universal, perhaps, than the one just mentioned—the barber's pole. The association of this emblem with the craft designated by it seems to be rather obscure. In old times, as is well known, the barber combined his calling with the profession of a surgeon. Blood-letting and extracting teeth were the operations which he was most frequently called upon to perform, and some writers discern in the alternate red and white of the pole a typification of the ruby life-stream and the pearly, though troublesome, molar. This appears to be rather far-fetched, however. It is more probable that the spiral device in question bears some reference to the *caduceus*, or wand entwined with serpents, with which Mercury and Hippocrates, and other ancient representatives of the medical profession are furnished by undisputed prerogative. The barbers, like their signs, are but little changed in their characteristics since the olden time. The same loquacity is theirs now as ever; the same pomposity of address and the same avidity for news. There is one now, in this very city, who calls himself an "homologator of the human hair." Mottoes in connection with barbers' signs are now rare, but in old times they were common, and had frequently a twist of humor or quip veiled within them. An old story is told of a barber who, purposely reckless of punctuation, sought to attract customers by the following announcement lettered upon his sign:

"What do you think,
I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink."

When a customer claimed the fulfillment of the promised hospitality, the keen shaver used to confound him by reading off the motto in his own way, as follows:

"What?—do you think
I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink?"

a reading which altered the state of the case materially for operator and customer alike.

Most prolific in signs, from time immemorial, have the vintners been. The oldest tavern sign of which we have any record was the bush, which gave origin to the well-known proverb concerning good wine. The bush is no longer to be seen swinging over the doorway of the wayside inn, but the proverb belonging to it does duty yet for a motto. Within three or four years there was a French *estaminet* in Third Avenue, on the front of which was painted in large letters, "*Le bon vin n'a pas besoin d'enseigne*." Some of the quaintest of the old tavern signs are yet to be seen in England, but there are many of these which, so far as we are aware, have never found their way to this country. We have the Pig and Whistle, indeed, though the only specimen of that musical porker which we remember to have seen in New York fell a prey to incendiarism in the Bowery some two or three years ago, if we remember rightly. Among the most remarkable of the old English ale-house signs was the Bag o' Nails Dancing. This idea was usually represented by a rigid bag standing in a corner of the sign, while some dancing figures occupied the center of the composition. The title of the sign was a sad puzzle to the uninitiated, but it was only a corruption of Bacchanals Dancing. Another of these quaint convivial emblems was the Green Man and Still—a sign which we do not remember to have met with in this country. This composition embodied a copper-colored apparatus for distilling spirits, and an idiotic looking man who was painted of a pea-green hue from head to foot. The origin and meaning of this device we have been unable to discover. Probably most of our readers have heard how a French writer translated it by *L'homme vert et tranquille*; and we suspect, though we cannot say for certain, that this was the same writer who used the word *imprudens* for "rashes," in translating Burns's song, "Green Grow the Rashes O!" A very ancient sign, still to

be seen in many parts of England, is the Saracen's Head, improperly called by that ignorant old person, Mr. Weller senior, "Sarah's Son's Head." This sign, in all probability, may be traced to the time of the Crusades. There was a touch of heraldry in the abnormal colors with which animals were painted on the old signs. The Blue Boar was once very famous, and the Red Lion yet swings over many a rural hostelry. The latter sign is to be seen in the yard of the Lior Brewery, now become famous as the castle in which Paul Falk has intrenched himself. For the latter beverage, however, the sign proper is a goat pawing sportively a keg of the right stuff, the action of the animal being supposed to typify the capers cut by the light and airy "Dutchman" when under the influence of the malt and hops.

The tobacco business is illustrated by many signs, most of which are in the form of figure-heads, or shapes more or less human—particularly less—hewn out in wood and coated with pigments most gorgeous to behold. Sir Walter Raleigh figures very often as the patron saint of the shrine at which tobacco is the incense. We recollect an effigy of him in an ancient seaport town, about which there was an old tradition as to how said figure-head had been abducted years ago by a gang of wild young midshipmen, who conveyed it on board their ship and carried it about the world with them for years; and how, on returning to the old seaport in course of time, they took Sir Walter in the dead of the night and replaced him on his old pedestal, to the great wonderment of the proprietor when he discovered him there in the morning. The Highlander is a favorite sign with tobaccoists whose principal commerce is in snuff; for Sawney is a heavy snuff-taker, and the "mull" is with him an institution not to be lightly spoken of. We have known Scotchmen so gluttonous about snuff as to feed their noses with it by means of a horn spoon. Another figure commonly to be seen beside the threshold of the tobaccoist is the red, romantic aboriginal—Pocahontas, with more tobacco-leaves than fig-leaves about her, or Uncas with his blanket, holding forth a *poigan assin*, or stone pipe, to the general public of pale-faces. "Punch" is no unusual sentry by the tobaccoist's door. He is rendered, in most cases, with a feeling for the hideous that marks the sculptor as a man of no common mind—which is rather good for common minds than otherwise. The negro does duty, not unfrequently, as an indicator of the fragrant weed. His figure-head, on these occasions, is bedecked in the most outrageous fashion of the burnt-cork school, while his face is painted of such glossy blackness that "charcoal would make a white mark upon it." We do not remember that Jean Nicot, by whom tobacco was first introduced into France, has ever been honored by a position in wood beside the vegetable which has been fitted with an adjective derived from his name. If there is a French tobaccoist of any spirit among us he ought to see to this, and rescue old "Nic" from the oblivion into which he has so undeservedly fallen.

In this country the eagle, of course, figures very commonly as a sign. Resplendent with gold-leaf, he spreads his broad wings over the tavern door, or may be seen in gigantic effigy perched far aloft upon the cornice of some tall building, holding an immense gilded umbrella in his beak. The swan with two necks, a common tavern sign in England, does not appear to have taken wing for these shores; or at least, if he ever did emigrate to America, he is like his sable congener mentioned by Horace, a *rara avis in terris*. Why this mythical bird should have been adopted as an emblem of the vintner's calling it is not easy to guess. Perhaps the double gullet might have had some allusion to a double capacity for drinking. In the English Neighborhood, not far from Hoboken, there is a wayside inn which still hangs out the ancient sign of the Three Pigeons. Feather dealers are accustomed to indicate their calling by a show-case containing a quantity of down, emerging from which is to be seen the solemn head of an albatross. The poor seabird looks as if he had shed his feathers from grief, or fright, and is biding his time to be quite engulfed by them.

We do not think that any satisfactory solution has ever yet been given of the idea typified in the three golden balls adopted by the money-lender as his

sign. Jugglers frequently perform tricks of legerdemain with golden balls, and in this there lurks a suggestion not wholly unconnected with pawn and other brokers. Long ago there lived in a back alley of Frankfort-on-the-Maine an old Jew named Anselm Meyer. He did a small money business at first, but by and by, when it became larger, he nailed over the lintel of his door a red shield—*roth schild*—and here we have the origin of the greatest money dynasty the world has ever seen. Wall Street might take a hint from this, and relieve the monotony of its letter-boards with a few heraldic devices in the fashion of shields.

Hardly a generation has passed away since the removal of signs during the night was a favorite pastime of fast young gentlemen. It was considered a mark of spirit to detach the great golden padlock from its moorings by the iron-monger's door, and convey it clandestinely to the lodgings of the captor, there to be added to the collection of wooden Highlanders and gilt clocks, and such other specimens of the sign-maker's craft as had been accumulated, from time to time, during the orgies of many nights. We remember us of many a strange museum made up of such *bric-a-brac*; nor was there a breath of dishonor ever wafted at the possessor of the spoil, to have cast a slur upon whose character for integrity and all the other gentlemanly virtues would have been an offense for which blood alone could have atoned. But the sportive "swell" no longer indulges in such questionable pastime as this, partly owing to the dictum of fashion, but still more to the improved system of police.

AETHRA.

It is a sweet tradition, with a soul
Of tenderest pathos! Hearken, love!—for all
The sacred undercurrents of the heart
Thrill to its cordial music:

Ounce, a chief,
Philantus, king of Sparta, left the stern
And bleak defiles of his unfruitful land—
Girt by a band of eager colonists—
To seek new homes on fair Italian plains.
Apollo's Oracle had darkly spoken:
"Where'er from cloudless skies a plenteous shower
Outpours, the Fates decree that ye should pause
And rear your household Deities!" Racked by doubt
Philantus traversed with his faithful band
Full many a bounteous realm; but still defeat
Darkened his banners, and the strong-walled towns
His desperate sieges grimly laughed to scorn!
Weighed down by anxious thoughts, one sultry eve
The warrior—his rude helmet cast aside—
Rested his weary head upon the lap
Of his fair wife, who loved him tenderly;
And there he drank a generous draught of sleep.
She, gazing on his brow all worn with toil
And his dark locks, which pain had silvered over
With glistening touches of a frosty rime,
Wept on the sudden bitterly; her tears
Fell on his face, and, wondering, he awoke.
"O blest art thou, my Aethra, my dear sky,"
He cried exultant, "from whose pitying blue
A heart-rain falls to fertilize my fate:
Lo! the deep riddle's solved—the gods spake truth!"

So the next night he stormed Tarentum, took
The enemy's host at vantage, and o'erthrew
His mightiest captains. Thence with kindly sway
He ruled those pleasant regions he had won—
But dearer ever than his rich demesnes
The love of her whose gentle tears unlocked
The close-shut mystery of the Oracle!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

REVIEWS.

DR. MCCOSH AND MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.*

TO many it may seem a matter of regret that doctrines which had been deemed thoroughly tested and whose truth was well nigh, if not quite, established should be again called in question and assailed with so much earnestness, not to say passion, as have been recently those explained and defended by Sir Wm. Hamilton.

* "An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy; being a Defense of Fundamental Truth." By James McCosh, LL.D., Professor of logic and metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. 1866. Pp. 434.

Some may lose heart in the possibility of truth, at least in philosophy, when they find a man of such acknowledged ability as Mill differing so widely from Hamilton on questions so fundamental and so long the subject of laborious inquiry and discussion. But there is no good reason for distrust. We anticipate good results from the stir that has been created by the publication of the "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy." Mr. Mill has roused the philosophic world to unwonted activity and given point and aim to its energies. One is reminded of the great awakening of the last century when the bomb of Hume's skepticism exploded in the heart of existing dogmatism, and Reid in Scotland and Kant in Germany sprang to the defense of imperiled truth. Light will be born of the later concussion as of the earlier. Mr. Mill has himself shown, in his "Essay on Liberty," the fruitful power of a conflict of opinion. Ages since it was affirmed as a primal truth that strife is the father of all things.

Among the many replies to Mr. Mill's "Examination," and among the ablest and clearest, is the "Defense of Fundamental Truth," by Dr. McCosh, the distinguished professor of metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. The first publication of Dr. McCosh established his position and reputation as an original thinker and a man of varied and exact knowledge. The "Method of the Divine Government" won the praise of the giant of the North himself, Sir Wm. Hamilton. Few books are more frequently quoted to-day on the subject of which it treats. The present "Defense" will not disappoint the doctor's admirers. It bears the stamp of his characteristic, clear, and ample vision, sagacity and soberness. The argument is a complete and conclusive answer to Mr. Mill's philosophy. Though differing from Sir Wm. Hamilton in some of his views, we cannot but think that Dr. McCosh agrees with him in the most important features of his philosophy, and that the differences between them are fewer than would appear at first sight.

The first object of Dr. McCosh's criticism is Mr. Mill's method. This, certainly, is a matter of no little importance. In speculation no less than in the practical conduct of life, the result depends on the manner of proceeding. Mr. Mill distinguishes between what he calls the introspective method and the psychological. The former he rejects in favor of the latter. He explains the difference pretty clearly as follows: "Introspection," he says, "can show us a present belief or conviction attended with a greater or less difficulty in accommodating the thoughts to a different view of the subject; but that this belief or conviction or knowledge, if we call it so, is intuitive, no mere introspection can ever show." "Being unable to examine the actual contents of our consciousness until our earliest, which are necessarily our most firmly-knit associations, those which are most intimately interwoven with the original data of consciousness, are fully formed, we cannot study the original elements of mind in the facts of our present consciousness. Those original elements can only come to light as residual phenomena by a previous study of the modes of generation of the mental facts which are confessedly not original," etc. This sounds very plausible; there is some truth in it; but, as Dr. McCosh shows, Mr. Mill has taken undue advantage of it, and very adroitly kept introspection entirely out of sight ever after, as if it were of no service at all. But it is clear that a question might at this point be put to Mr. Mill which the doctor has not put. Nothing has been so constantly warred against by Mr. Mill and his school as the reality and validity of intuitive knowledge. Does man, can man affirm anything beyond the facts of experience? Has he a faculty for attaining principles which determine and limit the possibilities of experience itself? No, most resolutely says Mill. But his voice is drowned in the deep tide of universal utterance. From Xenophanes to Hamilton, philosophers have explicitly or implicitly recognized the truth that man is above the bounds of experience.

But we must not forget our question already stated. It would be interesting to be informed how Mr. Mill came to know that, "being unable to examine the actual contents of our consciousness, . . . we cannot study the original elements of mind in the facts of our

present consciousness." "Those original elements can only come to light," etc. Mr. Mill certainly appears to recognize the validity of necessary principles. He might attempt a poor defense by bringing in his pet law of association, and affirming that he uses such language only from fixed habit. But we believe Mr. Mill to be candid enough not to deny that he means just what every man means, by such words. The fact is that, try as he may, Mr. Mill cannot, more than any other man, silence the voice of that power which lifts us above the plane of experience and sets us free from its linked succession. In the discussion of Mr. Mill's method the nature and office of consciousness has been necessarily examined by McCosh. He seems to blame Hamilton here for some inconsistencies. Indeed, Dr. McCosh says that "Sir Wm. Hamilton's use of 'consciousness' is very unsatisfactory." In most if not all his criticisms of Mill he seems to be on the right side, but his strictures on his great countryman appear to proceed from a partial or mistaken view. Sir William himself admitted the difficulties which beset the investigation of consciousness abstractly as a power. He questioned whether anything had been gained by the introduction of the term. "The Greeks," said he, "perhaps fortunately, had no special term for consciousness;" and he quotes with approval Aristotle's view of the subject, which is certainly the same as his own. Dr. Hickock's mode of illustrating the office of consciousness is ingenious and may have assisted some in forming the conception, but we have seen nothing clearer than Hamilton's doctrine on the subject. Dr. Hickock speaks of consciousness as a light in which the operations of the different faculties take place. "Consciousness," says he "is the light of all our seeing." In his defense of Reid's philosophy against Brown, while criticising Reid's view of consciousness as a special power whose object is the operations of the other faculties themselves, Hamilton says: "Every intelligent act is a modified consciousness; and consciousness a comprehensive term for the complement of our cognitive energies." A little further on, however, he affirms that "consciousness and immediate knowledge are terms universally convertible." Dr. McCosh quotes from the first volume of the "Metaphysics," where Hamilton declares that "consciousness is an immediate not a mediate knowledge." "Already," says McCosh, "as it seems to me, inconsistencies are beginning to creep in; for, whereas he had before told us that 'consciousness includes all the phenomena of the thinking subject,' now he so modifies it as to exclude 'mediate knowledge,' which is surely a modification of the thinking subject." The inconsistency arises in a misrepresentation of the scope of Hamilton's entire view. So far as words are concerned, there seems to be a fatal gap here. But in order to vindicate Sir William it is necessary to examine very briefly what is meant precisely by mediate and immediate knowledge. Hamilton has shown that Reid, in his "superstitious dread" of the ideal theory, stoutly refused to admit any such thing as representative knowledge. Reid went so far as to hold that in memory we had an immediate knowledge of the past. His illustrious successor has abundantly proved that this was a grave mistake. Hence the important distinction drawn by Hamilton between presentative and representative knowledge. Now memory affords an instance of mediate knowledge. Let this test be applied to Hamilton's doctrine of consciousness. When we remember the friend that we parted from yesterday, what is it that we really know, are conscious of? Why, certainly, nothing more than a representation—a picture of a certain form associated with particular feelings and accompanied with a belief that it *truly* represents a person who really existed. We are not conscious of, we do not know, strictly, our absent friend in the act of memory. The object which stands immediately before our thought is the representation and not the person. We feel sure that our friend lived, and hope that he still does. The belief may have good foundation; but a little reflection will very soon show any one that all he directly knows is the present representation, with the vivifying faith that it stands in the place of a past reality.

But there is a different use of the term mediate knowledge. It will be found, however, that the difficulty here is much less. We are said to know imme-

diately such things as demand no reason for their admission as true. We know that a man now living—say Mr. Mill, like his philosophy—will die, not because we directly see death in him, but because all men die, and Mr. Mill is a man. We know it *through* the knowledge of man's mortality and Mr. Mill's manhood. (Mr. Mill has great antipathy to the use of the prepositions in philosophy; but we cannot do without them.) We know it *mediately*, not *immediately*. There is a great difference between this relation of mediation and that in the case of memory. The mediation in the latter consists in an object's being interposed between the observer and the reality; an opaque object, if you please, which, though an exact reproduction of that which it shuts out from the view, still in the very nature of things cuts off all sight of anything but itself. In the former, all the objects are in full view, and the relation is discerned in the same act in which the nature of the objects themselves is seen. Does any one doubt this? We may, it is true, by reflection distinguish between and dwell upon the objects and the relation; but suppose one of them drops out of view, where will you find the relation? The relation manifestly can only be discovered in the things or between them, and, therefore, they must all be present at the same time. So that in this case the mediation is more strictly between the objects of thought and does not consist as before in the obtrusion of anything between the mind and the ultimate thing. There is no representation here. Or, if we stand by our preposition, which may be more *apropos* here, we really look through transparent media which offer no obstruction to the complete recognition of what is beyond themselves. We have, therefore, in this case really the whole object, the concepts and their relation—if Mr. Mill will allow us to use such language—in the immediate presence of the mind. We may call such knowledge, for convenience, mediate; but it does not militate in the least against Sir William's doctrine that consciousness is of immediate and not mediate knowledge. Indeed, there is a little doubt as to the propriety of talking of mediate knowledge, at least in the case of memory, "for knowledge is of things we see." But suppose some one says, "You would not know that Socrates is mortal unless you knew that all men were mortal and that Socrates were a man?" Now, we are apt to be misled by the fact that the three propositions of a syllogism are enunciated in succession into believing that the mind takes successive steps in the same order; while the truth is, that the premises and the conclusion, which is the expressed relation, are seen at once. Such a man will say we see the relation by means of the major and minor, and therefore the knowledge is mediate. But the same thing may be said of principles generally deemed necessary. We never should have thought of the proposition, two straight lines cannot inclose space, unless we had seen straight lines and knew what was meant by the words. This would be to err as seriously as the sensational school, who think that we are not entitled to make any affirmation about straight lines except that we never saw two that did form a figure. There are other objections made by Dr. McCosh to Hamilton's use of consciousness, in which we still believe that the latter is right; but we must notice rapidly the review of Mill on the vexed question, among philosophers, of body, or the existence of the external world.

We here come upon the field of Hamilton's great labor. He has explored the history of the various theories of perception, and, to the satisfaction of most men, has exposed their inconsistency and falsity. He has done more. He has propounded and defended the most satisfactory view on the subject, and vindicated the reality of objective existence. But the revolution of the cycle is completed, and we find Mr. Mill standing on the old battle-field, where the skeletons of the philosophy of Hume and Berkeley, Hartley and Collier, lie bleaching amid the debris of their shattered enginery, and virtually declaring that there never had been any defeat. Dr. McCosh has handled this subject with great skill. He has a clear eye, steady nerve, and strong grip. But we cannot but echo his wish that "Hamilton were alive to brush away with his sweeping logic the ingenuities which are employed to support" Mr. Mill's theory. Among

the warriors of Greece, Ajax was of noble form and gallant mien; he did wondrous service in the contest; but he was still *after* the blameless son of Peleus. We feel as the minstrel did at the battle of Beal-an-Duine in the absence of Roderick: "One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men." Not that Mr. Mill can congratulate himself on victory even in his absence. But the stout, sharp sword of Hamilton's logic would have cut through and through the body of his system at a blow. Indeed, in his introduction to the "Examination" Mr. Mill shows that he has some misgivings when he thinks of what he would have had to encounter were Hamilton living. Hamilton's doctrine of perception—the last development of the Scottish philosophy, and which Dr. McCosh accepts as most truthlike and cumbered with the least difficulty—is that we are directly and immediately conscious of a real existing objective world, conscious both of ourselves and this world in one indivisible act of intelligence, as existing in mutual independence and counterpoise. This certainly accords with the natural conviction of mankind, and, Mr. Mill not excepted, "he who would subvert this belief will himself advance nothing more deserving of credit." Mr. Mill's theory is that we know nothing but sensations. His position seems to be that of Hume. He subverts the reality both of mind and matter as substantial, permanent existence. Mind, according to this theory, is only a series of sensations, with, however, the peculiar power of being aware of itself as a series. Mr. Mill is troubled with this fact of consciousness and he would like to be rid of it; he would be pleased to decompose it and show its derivative character; but his law of association is not a sufficiently strong solvent.

But Mr. Mill has not observed all that is given in this deliverance of consciousness. As McCosh shows, we are conscious of more than a series of sensations. We do not know the sensation abstractly apart from the self. It is given as an affection of self. We know the permanent self and the sensation in our concrete indivisible act of intelligence. So, in respect to the outer world, we are conscious of more than an impression: namely, of the object itself which produces the affection. The object is in immediate relation to the perceiving mind. Mr. Mill must, of course, account for the conviction which we entertain of the real existence of matter as something out of and independent of our sensations. It is admitted on all hands that we have such a conviction. The uninitiated laugh at any attempt to convince them that any one ever had a doubt on the subject. McCosh demonstrates that Mill's theory is too weak to support the weight laid upon it. The knowledge of our own bodies as material and extended must be explained, no less than what our author terms the extra organic world. In his attempt Mr. Mill is convicted of a species of jugglery, slipping in very quietly the very thing that he was to produce himself out of other gross elements. He assumes in his explanation just what it was incumbent upon him to explain. The following is his manner of accounting for the origin of our idea of externality: "I see a piece of white paper on a table. I go into another room, and though I have ceased to see it I am persuaded the paper is still there," etc. Language very appropriate, if we really know *things* and not simply sensations; but not language which becomes Mr. Mill. By what right does he talk of seeing paper, a table, of going into another room, of the paper being still there, etc.? This all implies a consciousness of external body, of space, and of time. It has been said that one reason for Mr. Mill's influence is that he makes men think better of their own understandings by treating these metaphysical questions in such an easy way that they are no longer the objects of men's superstitious regard as something far beyond their reach. This may be true. But Mr. Mill constantly carries you round the mountain and not over it, while he would lead you to believe that there was no mountain there at all. He reminds us of those marvelous feats of strength in which a huge-limbed fellow wields with ease a pair of ponderous dumb-bells to the astonishment of the spectators. But it turns out at last that the enormous mass of iron was only painted wood. We rise from reading Mill's philosophy with a feeling of pain and

oppression. His principles carry us down into a dismal dungeon, where the thick, foul air stifles the celestial life of the soul. Hamilton carries us to the mountain-top, where the fresh breezes blow upon us and the varied landscape stretches out interminably while the soul swells with infinite emotions. If Mill's fundamental principles are true, the ancient curse would become a blessing: "May'st thou never know the truth of what thou art;" and Hamilton would have been less severe in his censure of Cicero for saying, "By heaven, I would rather be wrong with Plato than right with these fellows!" F. G. McD.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Doctor Johns: A Novel.*" "*Atlantic Monthly.*" Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

VICTOR HUGO is undoubtedly right in his aversion to the serial mode of publishing novels. A story issued in detached parts suffers not only because it is fragmentary, but also from its juxtaposition with the half-dozen other magazine articles which are perforce included between the same covers. Even if the reader waits until the last chapter is finished, and then goes back to the beginning, following the thread of the narration through each succeeding month, there is still a something wanting which makes the labor of perusal less satisfactory than in the bound volume. If one attempts to skim along, there is a very great danger that important passages will be overlooked, while the effort to recover the lost clue is made vexatious from the uncertainty as to which number contains the sought-for page. Wordsworth, in one of those valuable prefaces which always accompany his poems, shows that the reason Milton became fashionable after the Restoration was because a scholarly courtier of the Second Charles printed "*Paradise Lost*" in a sumptuous edition. So much depends upon typography, paper, and the manner of publication!

We have been especially impressed by these facts in connection with a recent examination of Mr. Mitchell's "*Dr. Johns*" in the unbound numbers of the "*Atlantic*." Read in this way the novel was subjected to the severest possible test, and it is with a very honest satisfaction that we are able to pronounce it, in spite of all these drawbacks, a story thoroughly American, admirably written, and excellent both in characterization and local coloring. Heretofore, the author's writings had been ranked as a part of our literature more from the promise which his books gave than on account of actual performance. The "*Reveries of a Bachelor*" were exquisite specimens of pure English and finely-tempered humor; but they were, after all, only studies compared to the full perfection of this beautiful, quiet-toned New England tale. By his portrayal of Dr. Johns, of Reuben, and the airy, piquant, and true-souled Adèle, Mr. Mitchell has now proved himself an artist not only of a high order in respect to literary execution, but also of no inconsiderable originality. Though not permitting himself to be trammelled by any such dreary servility to detail as is seen in Bayard Taylor's works, he is, nevertheless, quick to observe and faithful in presenting all the necessary circumstances of his picture. And although the natural bent of his thought is toward delicate and careful analysis, he never becomes morbid, nor pushes his mental dissection beyond healthy limits.

It is, of course, inexpedient at the present moment to attempt a *résumé* of the plot. Those who have not already seen "*Dr. Johns*" should await its appearance in book form. We have no desire to abbreviate their pleasure by divulging the fate of those who figure in it. But we would remark that the strict virtue of the novel does not lie in startling surprises or sensational denouements. Its aim is far higher. The interest of the story is kept up to the end, but the author has wisely forbore to sacrifice the great lessons he wishes to teach by resorting to the cheap excitement of the circulating library. His object was to exhibit a picture of ordinary country life thirty years ago, and to illustrate the effect of a certain kind of religious training. He sought, moreover, to accomplish this not by intruding as an advocate, but by a simple, straightforward adherence to facts. The result is that no one will deny the truth-

fulness of his characters. Dr. Johns, Miss Eliza, the squire and gossips of Ashfield, Reuben, "Phil," are all accurate types. They act out their own natures and leave us to our own inferences.

"*Poems.*" By the author of "*John Halifax*." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

MISS MULOCK'S (Mrs. Craik's) book is the last which has been added to the blue-and-gold list, the poems which were collected several years ago being here reprinted, with the addition of about fifty pages written since 1860, so that the result is now a very pretty little pocket volume, which will, doubtless, be welcome to many admirers of its author. Of the poems which it contains, most of them quite well known to all who know Miss Mulock, it is necessary to speak with much respect, though they neither claim nor are entitled to the praise reserved for those which challenge and stand the test of an exact poetic criticism. They belong to a kind of poetry which, like its more ambitious relatives, numbers very many failures, and in which it is by no means easy to succeed; a kind of poetry whose best examples, as in this case, are generally furnished by writers who make no claim to the special title of poet, writing only from time to time simple records of personal thought or experience, or now and then giving expression to the ordinary emotions of everyday life. Such poetry, from thoughtful, earnest women particularly, who are apt to infuse, happily, into it something of the strength and tenderness of their own nature, is often very charming. It is like the best of the familiar conversation of such women, simple, graceful, full of feeling—feeling not always adequately expressed; indeed, sometimes purposely a little reserved; but always apparent to the listener, and, above all, real and true. Modest and unassuming, not naming the name of art, pretending to no mission—the most healthful influences are not always those from the conscious preacher—asserting no power of special insight or interpretation, dealing in no mysteries or grandeurs, poems of this kind come to us relying almost wholly on their power of appealing, without particular effort, to certain feelings which are characteristic for the most part of what we call quiet life, but which if rightly touched will answer from the life of almost any one who cares for poetry at all. Even the most restless man, perhaps sometimes because he is so restless and uncertain, will often be touched with a strange pleasure at the sight of these quiet lives, so different from his own, and find in the poems which come from them an interest which at first would hardly be expected. Generally, however, it is probably true that women are more susceptible than men to influence from such poetry as this. In the volume before us there are a good many poems which must seem more to women than to men, even while men may be greatly pleased by them. The best poem in the book—and a very beautiful one it is—"Philip, my King," has, we can believe, a charm for a woman, particularly for a mother, which a man can hardly hope to feel as perfectly as she. It is the man's loss in this case, however, and a loss to be regretted. But the difference between a man's and a woman's reading of the poems will be more strikingly manifest in their different ways of using such poems as are not so distinctly excellent as the one just mentioned and a few others almost as good as it. All poetry should be approached in a right mood, but most men, with respect to this kind of poetry, are not so often in the right mood for reading it as women are, whose lives are more nearly like the life which it represents. Such poems as "*A Silly Song*," "*The Night before the Mowing*," "*My Christian Name*," and "*The Voice Calling*," will come home more quickly and more often to women than to men; and so of many others; and for this reason, though many men capable of feeling the quiet charm of verses of this kind will be likely to find pleasure more than once in reading Miss Mulock's poetry, which is always pure and true in feeling, often very happy in expression, still we are inclined to think that the majority of her poems, as individual poems, will find their best listeners among women.

But what every man who reads the book will value highly is the impression of noble character which it cannot fail to make upon him. This to us is the

chief charm of the book—its character. To read it seems like reading the life of a noble woman; one is consoled and strengthened by it. The cheerfulness, the hopeful patience, the high courage, the gentleness and sweetness, all the harmonized beauty of a noble womanly nature, the author shows us unconsciously, and we cannot be too thankful for so great a good so modestly bestowed. An acquaintance with such a woman is indeed a valuable possession; and if all the books which she has written serve no other purpose but to introduce us to Miss Mulock, they would still be very welcome. In saying this we run no risk of being misunderstood, for it is as impossible to praise Miss Mulock without praising her books as it would be to praise her books without praising their author. The author and the woman cannot be separated; she herself will not let them be separated; and the effect of this close union between herself and her work is to make all that she does not only valuable because it is hers, but also more valuable for itself than it could possibly be under any other treatment.

Of the poems since 1860 all are pleasant, three exceedingly so, "When Green Leaves Come Again," "Year After Year," and "Outward Bound." We quote the last mentioned, which is also the last in the book, both for its own sake and for the personal interest which is connected with it. Certainly it is good to hear so brave a song sung with such earnest cheerfulness and faith:

OUTWARD BOUND.

Out upon the unknown deep,
Where the unheard oceans sound,
Where the unseen islands sleep—
Outward bound.
Following towards the silent west
O'er the horizon's curved rim,
Or to islands of the blest—
He with me and I with him—
Outward bound.

Nothing but a speck we seem
In the waste of waters round,
Floating, floating like a dream—
Outward bound.
But within that tiny speck
Two brave hearts with one accord,
Past all tumult, grief, and wreck,
Look up calm and praise the Lord—
Outward bound.

THE BOOK CLUBS OF AMERICA.

IV.

IN the fall of 1865 three gentlemen in the city of New York organized an association, with the title of "The Washington Club," for the purpose of reproducing, in fac-simile, the early addresses, etc., concerning the illustrious Father of his Country, particularly those which were delivered on the occasion of his death. Only fifty copies of each are to be printed, and we understand that they are to be only of a single size, royal octavo. We believe that the Washington Club has issued only a single work—the celebrated oration by Fisher Ames—but we have been informed that some others are in progress, and will find early publication.

During the last year (1865) an association of gentlemen, residents of Providence, R. I., was formed for the reissue of rare tracts relating to Rhode Island and other parts of New England. It assumed the title of the Narragansett Club; and it has very appropriately announced as its first issues "The Works and Letters of Roger Williams," all of which are excessively rare. Two hundred and fifty copies are to be printed; and the several works, if we understand the circular correctly, are to be verbatim reprints, if not fac-similes of the original editions.

There is no club in the country which has occupied so important a field; and if report speaks truly when she says that the accomplished pen of Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn., has been retained for the purpose of editing the "Indian Key," it augurs well for the good judgment which controls the council of the club. May as much good judgment be exercised in the selection of the biographer of the illustrious refugee from the Bay Colony! About the same time (1865) a gentleman residing in one of the interior counties of this state started what he quaintly termed "The King of Clubs," and proposals were issued for the republication, as its first issue, of

"The Memorables of the Montgomeries." We do not know how many are concerned in this enterprise; nor beyond its founder have we been able to distinguish, through the veil which conceals them from the public, any of its members. We know, however, that a most elegant reprint of the volume referred to—"Memorables of the Montgomeries," edition, Glasgow, 1770—with an introduction by Mr. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, was printed and subsequently suppressed because of two slight typographical errors which it contained; and that it is again in the printer's hands to be reproduced, we trust, with more correctness and even greater beauty.

It may interest some of our readers to know that the suppressed volumes were both quartos and octavos—forty of the former and sixty of the latter—that it consisted of six preliminary pages without numbers, four pages numbered with numerals and seven pages with figures; and that ten of the copies contained genealogies of the Montgomeries. We are told that other works of a similar character will follow this "Memorables of the Montgomeries."

In the last days of the last year an association was formed at an evening party in the city of New York, with the curious title of the Rip Van Dam Family, but, beyond the facts that it is composed of thirteen persons, that it is to be confined to that number, that every member assumes in its meetings the surname of Van Dam, and that prominent among its purposes is the issue of tracts relating to our local history and biography, we know nothing of its membership, organization, or purposes. We have seen, however, some of the sheets of its first literary production—a memoir of the venerable Dutchman whose name it bears, from the accomplished pen, we are told, of the historian of Brooklyn—and of this, we understand, only fifteen copies have been printed, for the especial use of its members.

There appears to have been also, in 1864, an association of a similar character, composed, it is said, of gentlemen in the city of Boston and its vicinity, with the singular title of the Club of Odd Sticks; but we know nothing concerning it beyond the facts named and the issue by it of an elegant reprint, in fac-simile, of the original edition of Dibdin's "Bibliomania," a copy of which is before us.

The volume, from the Bradstreet press, is entitled "Bibliomania; or, Book Madness, by the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, F.S.A. The first edition. Privately printed for the Club of Odd Sticks, 1864;" and, beside the club's title-page and recto, it consists of four pages with numerals, and eighty-eight in figures. We learn that the edition consisted of fifty-seven copies royal octavo, seven of which were on Whatman's drawing-paper, and forty copies quarto, of which five were on the Whatman paper. We know nothing whatever of the prices of the club's publications, nor of its present condition.

We heard a great deal a year or so ago concerning an Eliot Club, of Boston, of which Mr. George Ticknor was said to have been the head; but we have no information whatever concerning its movements and can give none. Having thus noticed the various "book clubs of America," our work may be considered as ended; but we cannot refrain from a more general notice of them and a more general review of the effect of their formation. It will be seen that there are two great classes of book clubs, when considered in the light of their peculiar organizations. The first of these is composed of those which, following the plan of the Bradford Club, possess a permanent membership and dispose of their volumes in the mode and on the terms on which the several clubs, each for itself, have previously determined; the other is composed of those which, after the plan of the Seventy-six Society and the Prince Society, consider every purchaser of a volume as one of their members; and which, therefore, are constantly changing their structures and, like the Seventy-six Society, sometimes their fundamental principles. The first of these is peculiarly the New York plan—we know of no club in this vicinity which is not thus constituted; the second is peculiarly the English plan—we know of no club, outside of New York and its vicinity, which is not thus organized. The first is more effective, and less liable to dissension; the last is theoretically more "mutual" in its operations,

although in practice, as in two cases within our knowledge, it does not necessarily protect the members from the appearance, at least, of partiality to favored ones.

There is one feature which, we believe, is peculiar to all American book clubs. They were not organized originally, nor are they governed, we believe, in any instance, by a member of "the trade." They are emphatically the creations of amateurs; and, among the hundreds of booksellers and publishers throughout the country, there is not one who has shown a more intimate knowledge of the exact wants of the reading public or a better taste in the display of their respective wares, if the relative success which has attended their several ventures may be considered as criterions on that subject, than the busy lumbermen and hat-tip makers, the grocers and lawyers, the plodding students and engravers, the doctors and surveyors, the book-keepers and farmers, who control or have controlled our leading "book clubs in America." Nor is this result visible only in the success of those who are not members of "the trade."

But the success, as literary ventures, of these amateurs' publications is not alone noteworthy in this connection; the effect of the operations of these book clubs and of those individual enterprises, parallel with the enterprises of the clubs, in which many of their members have often embarked, are particularly worthy of consideration. The rapid improvement in the taste of collectors, even in that of the merely casual reader, which has been developed within the past ten or twelve years is known to every careful observer of such matters. The old-fashioned, double columns, from worn-out plates, which in our youth and early manhood were alone accessible, in many cases, to the great body of readers, have almost entirely disappeared from the market; and the shabbily printed and tasteless school-books which we were wont to pack and ship, thousand after thousand, when we first "made our own living," no longer torment the unwilling school-boy and afford evidence of the pecuniary meanness and the want of judgment as well as that of taste of those who published them.

Among the most fruitful causes which have primarily led to this result is the cultured taste of the relatively few who have either been connected with these book clubs as members, or been purchasers of their publications. These in their turn have exercised an influence among those with whom they have associated; while their steadily increasing collections of "fine books," generally with American imprints and on American subjects, have insensibly implanted new ideas concerning books among those who have visited their families. Commercial prosperity has enabled the great body of our people to indulge the taste thus gradually improved; and to-day the elegant issues of Little, Brown & Co. and Ticknor & Fields, of D. Appleton & Co. and C. Scribner & Co., of Lippincott & Co. and Joel Munsell, bear testimony which cannot be impeached of the silent usefulness of what has been so often ridiculed by thoughtless men and old-fashioned booksellers, the Book Clubs of America. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—Designs for the Gateways of the Southern Entrances to the Central Park. By Richard M. Hunt, member of the American Institute of Architects. 1865. Pp. 32.
- LEYFOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Crumbs from the Round Table. A Feast for Epicures. By Joseph Barber. 1865. Pp. 103.
- FOWLER & WELLS, New York.—New Physiognomy; or, Signs of Character. By Samuel R. Wells, editor of the *Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated*. 1866. Pp. 768.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Life and Times of Andrew Johnson. 1865. Pp. 363.
- AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York.—Miss Forrester: A Novel. By Mrs. Edwards. 1866. Pp. 159.
- AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Lyntonville; or, The Irish Boy in Canada. 1866. Pp. 183.
- Leaves of Life. 1866.
- Food for Lambs. 1866. Pp. 230.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Patriotic Poems. By Francis de la Rue Janvier. 1866. Pp. 83.
- Cholera. By Henry Hartshorne, A.M., M.D. 1866. Pp. 79.
- J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia.—Petroleum: A History of the Oil Region of Venango County, Pennsylvania. By Rev. S. J. M. Eaton. 1866. Pp. 299.
- Sam Bolton's Cottage, and What Kept his Wife from Church. 1866. Pp. 193.
- The Little Doorkeeper. 1866. Pp. 231.
- The Lost Lilies. By Emma Marshall. 1866. Pp. 103.
- T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Admiral's Daughter. By Mrs. Marsh. 1866. Pp. 115.
- Official Report of the Trial of Anton Probst. 1866. Pp. 120.
- DE VRIES, IBARRA & Co., Boston.—The Language of Flowers. By Miss Lidwede. 1866. Pp. 208.
- ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati.—Cholera. By William P. Fletcher, M.D. 1866. Pp. 57.

THE ROUND TABLE.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 23.

THE GERMAN WAR.

"THE Prussian forces have entered Holstein, the Austrians are concentrating at Altona." Such is the first heralding of the now certain war; a war which must, before it ends, involve the whole of Europe, and be the bloodiest since the great wars of Napoleon. It is a war for conquest. Italy must have Venetia; Prussia desires the Elbe duchies and the leadership of Germany. Austria alone is content with keeping what it had, but, if war must come, will make an effort to recover Silesia, torn from her by Frederick the Great.

Austria, because she refused to enter the Paris congress, and very rightly, too, we think. Congresses do not always bring peace, unless held at the end of a war. The conference at London could not settle the Danish question. The demand of Austria was that no power represented in the congress should receive any territorial aggrandizement. As she was the only power which was to be despoiled, and to which nothing could be given, this demand was hardly unreasonable. It was certainly not fair that Prussia and Italy should sit as judges on their own matters. Austria did nothing more than stand on her own dignity. She had had Venetia for fifty years, and she did not wish to give it up without a struggle for it, or to submit her claims to it to a congress under the presidency of one who in a recent speech had declared his hatred of the treaty by which she obtained it. Prussia alone, by the obstinacy of her King, and the ambition of his minister, is the cause of bloodshed. Italy desires to restore her ancient boundaries, and to receive a people who wish with all their heart to come to her; but she preferred to accomplish this rather by peaceful than warlike measures, until the rumors of a war in the north between Prussia and her old enemy and the massing of troops on her frontier roused her whole population to eagerness for war. Her cause, too, is just. Prussia's alone is iniquitous.

By this war Italy hopes to enlarge its boundaries, to bring itself nearer to Rome, its true capital, and to put down the spirit of discontent and reaction that is rampant. Prussia hopes to absorb the half of Germany and to become a powerful empire—in fact, to be Germany. Austria thinks that by war she can consolidate her government at home, and find ways of reconciling Hungary, and that victory will reinstate her bankrupt finances. To the smaller German powers the prospect must be very dark, and the feeling for neutrality very strong. If they take the side of the loser, many of them must certainly go under; if of the victor, they are not more certain of continued individual existence. Saxony will be the theater of war, though innocent of all complicity with either party. All the south German states must suffer in money, in men, and in prosperity. If the war lasts long their only chance of safety will lie in their consolidation. Bavaria is the strongest, but her king is a boy who, apparently, possesses neither the ambition nor the prudence to compel the other states to unite under his leadership.

Russia must be on the alert to prevent any risings in Poland, and to watch the opportunities for a new step toward Constantinople. It is probably hoped by Bismark that the new hospodar of Roumania, Prince Charles, will prove a thorn in the side of Austria; but it is far more likely that Austria will forget its jealousy of Russia with regard to the mouth of the Danube, and that, by a secret understanding, Russian troops will quietly dispossess Prince Charles of his new throne. Turkey cannot endure this. She must fight or go to pieces.

Many in England and France for different reasons gladly see this German war. English manufacturers and merchants think that the German manufactures of woolen and iron goods, which compete so disagreeably with English wares, will be thrown back and England again have the monopoly which it so long enjoyed. Others desire the destruction of German commerce and numerous lines of steamships, and hope that German capital, no longer safe even in

Holland or Switzerland, will flow into English coffers. It cannot, indeed, be said that these prognostications are very wise. The mere rumors of war have put the money market of London into commotion, have shaken the credit of the far greater part of the eight hundred and thirty-two stock companies formed from 1863 to 1865, and created such a panic that general bankruptcy was only avoided by the shipments of gold received from America.

While the feeling in England in favor of war is purely a commercial one, in France it is one that expects self-aggrandizement as one of the necessary consequences. Which ever side wins, France intends to get Belgium and the Rhine provinces; Sardinia, too, perhaps, which will be the price of an Italian alliance. Algeria has proved useless for commercial purposes—the French are not adapted to colonization—and as the French interests in the Mediterranean demand additional territory, Sardinia is just the thing. France will ultimately fight, whatever its Emperor may say, and will ally itself to that party which will give it the most, consistent with an active sympathy with the most democratic party. It cannot wish to see Austria annihilated and Prussia made too strong. A certain balance of power must be kept; and how better than to make France weigh still more in the scale. Unless the war comes to a sudden termination by some peace of Villafranca, the eastern question will arise; and then if England can be willing to admit the waste of all her former efforts for Turkey, and to allow an impediment to her intercourse with India, she will still remain neutral. Otherwise, she will be forced to take the side of her traditional ally, Austria, and to see that France does not occupy the Isthmus of Suez.

The results of the war to this country we have no space to dwell on. All commotion in Europe will at first derange the money market here. Gold will go up as it did on the arrival of the last steamers. But after the first trouble is over, we shall hold a very advantageous position. Capital will come here; our commerce and our manufactures will increase. We shall export more than we import, and our credit will be better. We shall, moreover, be relieved from the presence of the French in Mexico, which some find such a bugbear. Ultimate good will come to us from this war, in which, so far as Prussia and Austria are concerned, we are perfectly disinterested, hoping only for the success of Italy. The majority of the people would no doubt be delighted to have the war so prolonged that England would be dragged into it, and come out torn and scratched—a malicious wish, it is true, but we fear a general one.

THE LATE WILLIAM WINSTON SEATON.

THE death of William W. Seaton, at the advanced age of eighty-one, recalls to our mind a flood of recollections, a few of which may interest the readers of THE ROUND TABLE. He, together with his former partner and brother-in-law, Joseph Gales, did more perhaps than any other two men to elevate the character of the American press, and the rising generation of writers have reason to be proud of the good names they have now bequeathed to their country. Mr. Seaton was born in King William county, Virginia, January 11, 1785, and was educated at the private school of a noted Scotchman named Oglevie, where he enjoyed the companionship as fellow-students of such men as Winfield Scott, William C. Preston, Watkins Leigh, William S. Archer, and William C. Rives. He traced his lineage to the famous Seaton family of Scotland, and, through his mother, was connected with Patrick Henry. He commenced active life by learning the business of a printer, and entered the arena of politics when only eighteen years of age, making his first mark as a writer in one of the journals of Richmond. From that city he went to Petersburg and became the editor of the *Republican*; after which he settled in Halifax, North Carolina, as the proprietor of a paper called the *Journal*. In that capacity he met with great success, but he left it for a wider field of labor and soon became connected with the *Raleigh Register*, where he married the daughter of its proprietor, the elder Joseph Gales, and in 1812 he settled in Washington city as coequal partner with

the younger Gales in the proprietorship of the *National Intelligencer*.

His history as a political writer is so closely blended with that of his distinguished partner and of the *National Intelligencer* itself, that it is impossible even to sketch it in this brief letter; nor is it necessary to do so, since a full history of the *Intelligencer* and its editors was published by the present writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" in October, 1860. As a man, Mr. Seaton was one of those whom we delight to speak of as a "gentleman of the old school." He was warm-hearted, benevolent, and hospitable to the last degree; highly cultivated and ever animated by a sense of the most spotless honor; always ready to assist the young and worthy of his own profession; and it was probably to his fondness for sporting, in which he annually indulged, that he was indebted for his generally good health and his long life. As a citizen, he presided for many years over the municipal affairs of the metropolis, and deserves the credit of having done as much for the city of Washington as any other man. As a writer, he did not, perhaps, possess the power of his partner, Mr. Gales, but surpassed him on the score of grace and variety, and as a commentator on passing events. As an extemporaneous speaker he had few equals; and his dignified and urbane deportment was such, towards all those who sought his presence on business or as friends, that he was universally beloved; and among his warm personal friends were nearly all the good and great men who have figured in the councils of the nation during the last fifty years.

The last number of the *National Intelligencer* which was published under his auspices was issued on the 31st of December, 1864. On that day he was within one month of his eightieth year, and then it was that he retired to private life. Those who had honored the grand old journal and its editors for more than half a century, or from early boyhood, witnessed its extinction under the old rule with deep emotion. The paper now bearing its name is altogether a new and very different affair. Many of the best men in the country commented upon the extinction of the *Intelligencer*, in the public prints, and the last article written by Edward Everett, before his death, was on this topic. Its brilliant sun went down behind the horizon while yet the sky of our country was obscured with the clouds of civil war; but its fame, as the leading political journal of its time, in this country, will ever be identified with the honor and happiness of the American Union. From every part of the land—from the rugged hills of the North, the fertile plains of the South, the broad valleys of the West, went forth a loving benison for the prosperity and happiness of the then surviving patriarch of the American press; but to-day they bear his remains to the grave.

In the magazine article already alluded to the fact is stated that for more than one third of a century the two owners and editors of the *Intelligencer* had never had a settlement of accounts, but that each member of the firm had drawn from the common fund what money he desired. In that connection I will here mention a few remarkable business particulars, as follows: Between the years 1825 and 1859, both inclusive, the monthly expenses of the *National Intelligencer* averaged \$4,000, or \$1,680,000 for the whole period. The amount drawn out by Mr. Gales during that time for his personal expenses was \$617,270 40, and by Mr. Seaton \$219,371 14—making together \$836,641 54, or a grand total of moneys disbursed by the office in thirty-five years, \$2,516,641 54. Of course, these were not the earnings of the *Intelligencer* alone, but were greatly enhanced by the various congressional publications which bore the imprint of Gales & Seaton. After the death of Mr. Gales the office was found indebted to Mr. Seaton in the sum of \$70,000, which was presented by him to the widow of his late partner.

Perhaps the most intimate friend that Daniel Webster had in Washington was Mr. Seaton. There was no one, out of his own family, to whom the great statesman was so warmly attached. A part of almost every evening, when not engaged at home or elsewhere, was spent by him in the family sitting-room of Mr. Seaton, with the ladies of his family, or *tête-à-tête* with him in winter at the fireside, or in evening

strolls in summer. The letters and familiar notes that passed between them are numerous and interesting; and, as the eyes of the world are at this moment especially fixed upon Austria, we may with propriety give the following incident. The day before the famous Hulsemann letter was transmitted to Congress Mr. Webster sent it to Mr. Seaton to read. After it was returned, and on the morning it was to be sent to the Senate, it occurred to Mr. Seaton that the word *patch*, as applied to a great empire, would appear rather undiplomatic or beneath the dignity of such a state paper, and like an attempt to belittle an adversary government, and therefore he dispatched a note to Mr. Webster suggesting, if not too late, the substitution of another word. He received by his messenger the following reply:

"DEAR COL.: The deed was done before I got your note; but *patch* means a small piece of ground—*vide* Webster, *vide* Shakespeare, in 'Hamlet.' D. W."

The lives and correspondence of Gales and Seaton, when they come to be published in full, will be interesting and valuable beyond anything of the kind ever issued in this country.

CHARLES LANMAN.

ARE PAPER COLLARS POISONOUS?

THE question at the head of this article is one of great interest and importance. Invented almost by accident, and at first worn only by young men in arrears with their washer-women, paper collars have now become a popular institution, both in this country and in Europe. Ladies have adopted them, and comparatively few gentlemen now prefer the more expensive but substantial linen. Thousands of persons, therefore, are deeply anxious in regard to the recent rumor that these collars are poisonous. Manufacturers, who announce every style of collar and cuff in paper, may be ruined if their wares are proved to be detrimental to the health of the wearers. But in such a matter as this it would be criminal to conceal the facts.

A Boston paper states that a clerk in a wholesale store in that city was recently afflicted with a painful eruption about the neck. Thinking that it was merely a boil, he paid little attention to it at first; but as the pain grew more intense he was induced to consult a physician, who declared that his patient was suffering from the effects of poison absorbed into the system from paper collars. The physician also remarked that he had been consulted in numerous similar cases, and upon careful inquiry it was ascertained that half a dozen of the young clerk's companions, all of whom wore paper collars, were constantly troubled with the same eruptions.

But, without attempting to argue from these cases, let us look at the general facts in regard to paper collars. In order to imitate linen as nearly as possible these collars are enameled, and in this process arsenic is used. Everybody knows that the enamel upon visiting-cards is poisonous. Children have died from being allowed to play with such cards. It will be remembered that the first importation of swans for the Central Park were poisoned by some careless and thoughtless persons who threw pieces of card-board into the lake for the swans to eat. One would suppose that a knowledge of facts like these would long since have aroused the suspicions of the public as to the danger from paper collars prepared in the same way as card-board; but the majority of people did not reflect upon the subject at all, or fell into the error of believing that the enamel was only poisonous when eaten.

It is easily susceptible of proof, however, that arsenic is very deleterious no matter how it may be absorbed into the system. When taken directly into the stomach it may be more immediately fatal; but when it enters through the pores of the skin and infects the blood its operations are hardly less deadly, although they may be slower. The very name of the arsenic, derived from the Greek *ἀρσενικον*, announces its power of destroying men. The workmen who prepare it are obliged to dress in a costume and helmet of leather, the eyes protected by glasses and the nostrils by a wet sponge; and in spite of these precautions and a carefully regulated diet they only average thirty years of life. Instances are on record of persons who have died from sleeping in rooms

covered with arsenical paper, and the green wall-paper, once so much in use, is now almost completely discarded because of the arsenic employed in its manufacture. Here is a poison, then, which is equally dangerous whether eaten, inhaled, or absorbed, and which is yet used to enamel the collars to be worn around the neck. It thus enters the system through the pores, reaches the blood directly when the skin is frayed, and, being rendered volatile by the heat of the body, is also inhaled at every breath. Could anything be more dangerous, more pernicious?

But although we are compelled to answer the question, Are paper collars poisonous? in the affirmative, some persons may object that they have worn these collars for a long time without perceiving any evil effects. This may be true, and yet the effects may exist. The eruptions which afflicted the Boston clerk were the protests of nature against the poison which he was absorbing. In all strong constitutions nature can make such protests and utter such warnings against further indulgence. But in the weak the poison may be left to do its deadly work without any outward signs of danger. We recall the case of an invalid American at Paris who was accustomed to smoke a new clay pipe every day. These pipes were whitened with arsenic, as the paper collars are, and the poison was released by the heat of the burning tobacco, just as it is released from the paper collars by the heat of the body. The smoker slowly but steadily declined, and not until after his decease did the physicians discover that they had cured his original malady and that he had died of arsenical poison. Many men and all the ladies who wear paper collars are liable to the same gradual poisoning. That they have no eruptions upon the neck is only a proof of their greater peril; for it shows that the system is so corrupted or weakened as to take in the arsenic without that natural, healthy resistance which produces sores or boils. On the other hand, however, it is quite possible that ladies may be disfigured for life by unsightly blotches arising from the use of these collars and cuffs. As they are, at best, only a sham and a substitute for linen and muslin, and as no great expense is involved in the purchase of the only materials of which collars can be safely made, we hope that the wearing of poisonous paper collars will be discontinued, and we urge all physicians, and especially the Board of Health, to instruct the public in regard to this important subject.

TOO MUCH WATER.

THE desire for abundance of water is an American characteristic. To possess a steam-pump or aqueduct is the ambition of every growing young town, taking the precedence even of gas-works. The Cochituate, the Croton, and Fairmount are among the chief glories of their respective cities, the latter of which undergoes a hebdomadal deluge and each Saturday morning adorns every pavement with bare-armed Hibernian nymphs vigorously brandishing mop and pail and hose and dipper, to the utter discomfiture of the unwary pedestrian. There are few reflections that cause the inhabitants of our principal cities to chuckle with more complacency than the contrast of their own affluence in this regard with the fact that London—whose superior dimensions they secretly resent—is awaiting in suspense not only the failure of the English coal-beds, but the prophesied exhaustion of the Thames. Our liberal use of water is laudable in its way, and in most respects comfortable and salutary. But our national passion for it is being most unjustifiably availed of to precipitate the people of this city into all manner of hygienic extravagance.

Far be it from us to disparage bathing. We do not pretend to conceal our envy of those who can leave the cities during the dog-days for surf-baths at Nahant and Newport and Long Branch and Cape May. Failing that luxury, we regard even a swim in fresh water as by no means despicable. We consider a bath-room an essential part of every well-regulated system of domestic economy. And, other things being equal, we very much prefer the companionship of the man we know to be addicted to complete daily ablutions. But we uplift our testi-

mony against the establishments for hydro-dissipation which are springing up at every turn, which cover curbstones and fences and men-carried placards with seductive descriptions of their charms, and exhaust every resource of advertisement and puffery to inflame the unwary with their watery charms.

The hydropathic absurdity was bad enough. The preposterous scheme of inveigling sick men to abide at water-cure institutions where they were wrapped in wet sheets and left in tubs to soak, and restricted to an aqueous diet, and subjected to every other misery with which water could be associated, might be pardoned from the consideration that the world could endure the deprivation of people weak-minded enough to fall victims to such a delusion. But there is no such excuse for the bathing places with oriental names that created such a *furor* last year, and are doubtless now preparing for a vigorous summer campaign. Their mode of procedure is such as a well man only can survive. They operate upon him in a way that would have delighted the Holy Inquisition. They freeze and thaw and bake and pull and contort and compress and curry and scrape their unhappy subject, all the while impressing him with the idea that the performance is luxurious.

Bathing in moderation has every consideration of cleanliness, comfort, and health to recommend it. Every encouragement should be offered to public baths for the benefit of those having no private facilities for the purpose. Every city, indeed, ought to imitate Hlasco's admirable swimming school in Philadelphia, and afford every one an opportunity to discharge a duty he owes to himself and society by learning to swim. But this constant bathing, this amphibious life to which so many people are becoming addicted, is highly reprehensible and pernicious. Perpetual soaking will render them soggy, flabby, and water-logged, and drown all energy and vigor out of them. We are no advocates of sumptuary laws, but it is so obvious that people who contract these habits are destitute of human common sense that we think it would be legitimate for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to interpose in their behalf and, by closing the baths, rescue them, in spite of themselves, from a watery grave.

WHEN it was announced that the Spanish admiral had sacrificed Valparaiso, we considered it an act of revenge which no appeal to the necessities of the war or historical precedents could justify. In the course of a long and desperate war abuses will inevitably occur, yet rarely are such abuses the result of careful premeditation and wantonly committed. Admiral Nunez has violated most important rules of war—rules the non-observance of which would soon introduce all the evils and cruel practices which disgraced the warfare of the ancients.

Regarded simply as measures of war, the bombardment of Valparaiso and the attack upon Callao were most unwise. They promised no advantageous results, and are most signally disastrous to Spanish interests. The ammunition of the Spanish fleet is nearly exhausted, and two of its finest frigates crippled. The forces of the republics are in no degree weakened, and their resources are undiminished. When, if ever, the Spaniard renews the contest he will find their capacity for defense enlarged and his own freedom from attack considerably curtailed.

The moral tendencies of the two bombardments are equally injurious to Spain. The first has called forth the most severe condemnation from the people of every nation. The second has elevated the courage of her enemies, strengthened them in their determination of resistance, and gained for them a greater degree of public respect than they have ever before enjoyed. The Spanish fleet has withdrawn from the waters of Peru. Its destination is unknown. The necessities of the squadron may compel them to leave the Pacific and shelter themselves for a season of repose and recruiting in the ports of the east coast. That dogged pertinacity with which Spain ever pursues an object may be again illustrated by a continuance of the war. It is, however, to be hoped that for the sake of Spain herself, for the best interests of the republics of Chili and Peru, and for the revival of our own commercial relations with the Pacific, that she will altogether abandon this unprofitable struggle.

ART.

ART ITEMS.

REGIS GIGNOUX's picture of Alpine scenery, now in the gallery of the National Academy of Design, is the property of a wealthy merchant of Brooklyn, to whose valuable collection it will be added upon the close of the exhibition.

J. F. WEIR, whose picture of the "Gun Foundry" is attracting so much notice at the Academy exhibition, is going to pass the summer at Milford, Pennsylvania. The picture in question is, as it should be, the property of Mr. Parrott, the inventor of the cannon bearing his name. Mr. Weir will work on some new subject, during his sojourn at Milford.

CHURCH has just put the finishing touches to a large and important landscape, of which a rainbow is the leading feature. This picture will probably be exhibited here some time in the ensuing fall. Mr. Church works during the greater part of the summer at his residence on the Hudson.

SOME of the London critics, in speaking of Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," draw a favorable comparison between the works of that artist and those of Church. The American landscape school of art is attracting a great deal of attention in England.

W. H. BEARD is on his way to the Rocky Mountains, in company with Bayard Taylor. We may look out for something good from Mr. Beard's pencil, after he has had his personal experience of the buffalo and the grizzly bear.

WE have received a circular from Mr. Louis Lang, embodying a scheme for the establishment of a ladies' school of art in this city. Mr. Lang's programme includes drawing, painting, and modeling, and his principle of instruction will be novel and interesting. It is hardly necessary to say that this favorite artist is fully competent for the undertaking contemplated by him.

It is said that there is such a demand for the "statuette groups" of John Rogers as to keep that artist fully employed. There is a good deal of merit in these little character pieces of Mr. Rogers; but some of their popularity is due to the artist's appreciation of the current taste, as well as to the comparatively low prices at which his productions are sold. Mr. Rogers's studio is at 212 Fifth Avenue, known as the "Upper Dodworth Building."

V. NEHLIG has several interesting subjects now in hand. One of an impromptu duel, with a lady in the case, of course. Another of a serenade, in which the wrapt musician is quite unconscious of the cold steel already flashing for him "round the corner." There is much character and picturesqueness already to be discerned in these works, so far as they are advanced. Another subject in Mr. Nehlig's studio promises very well—a composition from the battle of Gettysburg. It will be remembered that this artist's large picture of the same engagement was lost in the fire by which his studio was destroyed, last year. The amount of ancient armor and artistic *bric-a-brac* generally lost by M. Nehlig on the same occasion could not be replaced for \$20,000. Nevertheless, he is quietly restoring his collection, and we hope to see his studio ere long refitted to something like the appearance formerly presented by it.

CONSTANT MAYER is working steadily upon the tender and melancholy subjects which he treats with so much feeling. He has now upon his easel a life-size subject called "The Convalescent." Two opposite types of womanly character are here, and we look with much interest for the development of the picture, which is for the private collection of Mr. C. C. Yeaton, of Brooklyn. Mr. Mayer is going to paint a companion picture for his "Love's Melancholy" now on show in the Academy exhibition, with a view of having the pair reproduced in chromo-lithography.

THERE are some good pictures—chiefly imported ones—now to be seen at Schauss's gallery. One by Meyer von Bremen, entitled "I won't!" represents a wayward child expressing his determination not to do something with the obstinacy characteristic of his age and disposition. There is a cleverly painted head of a Newfoundland dog, by E. Bosch. Among the landscapes we note a fine one—"The Falls of the Inn"—by T. Schiess, and a very effective picture of a "Mountain Farm," by J. Galloway. Here, also, we saw lately a small cattle piece of great merit, somewhat in the manner of Paul Potter, by Mr. F. H. De Haas, an artist of this city.

PAGE's historical picture of "Admiral Farragut lashed in the shrouds of the Hartford" is now on exhibition at the Somerville Art Gallery, under the auspices of the

Mercantile Library Association. We shall have something more to say about this picture in a future number.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HURD & Houghton have recently published a volume of prose sketches by Miss Alice Cary entitled "Pictures of Country Life." The book is not a new one, being originally published by Messrs. Derby & Jackson, of this city, some six or eight years ago, but as it has been out of print for some time it will be as good as new to many readers. It shows the talent, not to say the genius, of Miss Cary in a favorable light, containing within itself the most unmistakable evidence that the writer knows what she is writing about. We have read scores of books concerning the country which appeared to have been manufactured in the library—pieces of literary workmanship made up from what others had written and from lively but inaccurate fancies of rural matters. Our poets, especially, with two or three exceptions, know as much of nature as they do of grace, just so much and no more. We can recall one who once upon a time had hay-making going on in autumn, and another, with a fondness for floral nomenclature, who actually dyed the crocus red. Miss Cary is a writer of another sort, her early life having made her too familiar with nature to fall into blunders of this kind. She writes knowingly and for the most part well, occasionally sinning in her taste, which is a florid one. Her present book is good summer reading, of which, outside of fiction, we have not a very abundant supply.

OF the two potent spirits which figure in this poem, Smoke and Chess, we are tolerably well acquainted with the first; as regards the last, we take it for granted that the writer understands what he is talking, or rather singing, about:

SMOKE AND CHESS.

We were sitting at chess as the sun went down,
And he, from his meerschau's glossy brown,
With a ring of smoke made his king a crown.

The cherry stem, with its amber tip,
Thoughtfully rested on his lip,
As the goblet's rim from which heroes sip.

And, looking out through the early green,
He called on his patron saint, I ween—
That misty maiden, Saint Nicotine;

While ever rested that crown so fair,
Poised in the warm and pulseless air,
On the carven chessman's ivory hair.

Dreamily wandered the game along—
Quietly moving at even-song,
While the striving kings stood firm and strong;

Until that one which of late was crowned
Flinched from a knight's determined bound,
And in sullen majesty left the ground,

Reeling back; and it came to pass
That, waiting to mutter no funeral mass,
A bishop had dealt him the *coup de grace*.

And so, as we sat, we reasoned still
Of fate and of fortune, of human will,
And what are the purposes men fulfill.

For we see at last when the truth arrives
The moves on the chess-board of our lives—
That fields may be lost though the king survives.

Not always he whom the world reveres
Merits its honor or wins its cheers,
Standing the best at the end of years.

Not always he who has lost the fight
Rises again with the coming light,
Battles anew for his ancient right.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Galesburg, Ill.

MESSRS. DE VRIES, IBARRA & Co. have just published a beautiful 12mo, edited by Miss Ildrewe, and entitled "The Language of Flowers." It is illustrated with a number of colored plates, which are among the best specimens of the art of printing in colors that we have seen for a long time, besides wood-cuts, vignettes, head and tail pieces and the like, after Gustave Doré, Daubigny, Timms, and other artists. For the literary portion of the book, it is like that which usually obtains in works of this class; that is to say, it divides the year into the seasons and months, treats of the different flowers which are most characteristic of each, giving their English and Latin names and their supposed meanings, and sowing broadcast over the whole quotations from the poets, who are never so much themselves as when singing of roses, daisies, and other "pretty innocents" of nature. "There is no English work on the Language of Flowers," the editor writes, "which is at all satisfactory, and no foreign one, as far as we are aware, which is either sufficiently complete or exactly adapted to American wants. The editor has

consulted all the flower-books known to her in English, French, and German, and believes this will be found to contain a more copious dictionary and more appropriate descriptions than any of its predecessors." As we are not prepared to admit that there is such a thing as the language of flowers—that is, that certain flowers are recognized as standing for the same thing the world over—we fail to see the point of this, as well as of the supposed want of the American people in this regard, which want we take to be as mythical as the floral speech in question. This, however, is but a small matter, and has nothing to do with the literature of Miss Ildrewe's volume, which is creditable to her talents and her reading. Among the flowers which belong, so to say, to June, is the white jasmine, which, Miss Ildrewe tells us, was introduced into Europe from India by Spanish navigators, about 1560. Here are some pretty stanzas upon it by the Earl of Carlyle:

TO A JASMINE TREE.

My slight and slender jasmine tree,
That bloomest on my border tower,
Thou art more dearly loved by me
Than all the wreaths of fairy bower:
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice, or Syria's rose:
Thy light festoons more sweetly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly grows.

My mild and winsome jasmine tree,
That climbest up the dark gray wall,
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,
Like silvery spray-drops, down to fall;
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep
When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill,
When helmeted warders paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will?

My free and feathery jasmine tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chained captive pined for death.
On border fray, on feudal crime,
I dream not, while I gaze on thee:
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have loved a jasmine tree.

Better than this is Geibel's lyric "Die stille Wasser Rose," thus translated by Caldwell:

"The quiet water lily
Floats on the lakelet blue;
Its soft leaves glow and glisten,
Its cup of sunny hue.

"The fair moon smileth on her
Through all the summer night,
And on her fragrant bosom
Pours all her golden light.

"Over the rippling water
Gildeth a snow-white swan;
He singeth sweet and softly,
The lily gazing on.

"He singeth sweet and softly:
Thus will his death-song flow;
O flower, snow-white flower,
Dost thou its meaning know?"

THERE is something very pleasant in this bit of verse, which is almost unique in its way, the elements of simplicity blending curiously with its odd but characteristic humor:

TURNS.

One summer eve we met by chance;
She turned away, but looked askance
At me and at her lagging brother,
Who whipped his boot and hummed a tune,
Then suddenly turned, but not too soon
—For one good turn deserved another!

I watched her track the meadow dew;
She whirled the turnstile passing through;
She waved a good-by to her mother,
Who in the cottage doorway stood:
Our two paths met beyond the wood,
—And one good turn deserved another.

We sauntered on and talked of love,
And spoke such words as *sweet and dove*,
When down the path (oh, what a pother!)
Came one, she'd told some silly thing;
Turning, she twitched her bonnet-string
—And one good turn deserved another.

One day we called the village priest,
And then there came the marriage feast,
And people joked with one another;
We turned such looks as did evince
Our mutual love, they've told me since
—For one good turn deserved another.

We turned our penny in the air,
Be't head or tail we'd little care,
Our tears we could by laughing smother;
We're turned of three-score years ere now,
Our hair is turned about our brow,
—And one good turn deserves another.

We turn our eyes on times gone by,
But oftener turn them now on high,
And tell of dreams of this and t'other;
With hearts still warm that once did burn,
We thus live on and wait our turn
—That one good turn that bides no other!

Boston, June, 1866.

J. W.

MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER, the Shakespeare commentator, writes as follows to Mr. D. G. Francis, of this city, concerning his beautiful reprint of Mr. Collier's "Bibliographical Account of the Scarcest Books in the English Language." "I can hardly thank you too much," he says, "for the handsome manner in which you have treated me and my book. In appearance it is far superior to the English edition, and, as far as I have yet had time to look into it, it seems to me admirably reprinted. I wish that, without injury to my London publisher, I could have supplied you with a few more notes and corrections, particularly as to one or two dates, which are wrong, and which I have found to be so from subsequent inquiry. To show you how I prize your large-paper impression, I am going to illustrate it by some hundreds of wood-cuts (upon india paper) and fac-similes made for the purpose." We expressed substantially the same opinion as Mr. Collier in regard to the superiority of the American over the English edition of this admirable work, in a notice of the former some weeks back. For the copy which Mr. Collier is illustrating, we would give a trifle to see it, since when it is sold, as it undoubtedly will be, after his death, it would take a good many trifles to purchase it. The sums which illustrated works sometimes realize is beyond the conception of ordinary book-buyers. The Daniel sale was an instance of this fact in England; and in this country the Allan sale, where an indifferently illustrated copy of one of Irving's books, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," if we remember rightly, brought in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars.

THE stanzas below—an extract from a long poem in manuscript—reach us from Hamilton, New York:

SONG OF THE HAMADRYADS.

When the genial breath of the summer is bringing
The hues of the rainbow to opening flowers,
Then the birds in the branches are swinging and singing,
And children are sporting through long sunny hours.
And the children well know that the birds rejoice,
For they sing the same song with a different voice,
But they know not the words that the breezes are saying,
Ever are saying to us in their playing.
For the songs of the spirits that ride on the breeze,
And the spirits that dwell in the murmuring trees,
Neither children nor birds, though they hear them, can tell,
Neither children nor birds can tell.

When the blustering winds of the winter are bringing
Its gems of bright crystal our branches to grace,
Then the birds to the southward their courses are winging,
The children have shivering fled from the place.
To the birds the chill air seems but laden with fear,
And the wind to the children sounds lonesome and drear,
For they know not the words that the breezes are saying,
Ever are saying to us in their playing.
For the songs of the spirits that ride on the breeze,
And the spirits that dwell in the murmuring trees,
Neither children nor birds, though they hear them, can tell,
Neither children nor birds can tell.

C. E. S.

THE writer of the sonnets below has a decided talent for that difficult species of composition:

MORNING.

Across the world a breath sweeps like the sigh
A sleeper gives ere waking—then the hush
That heralds Nature's monarch; a faint flush
Climbs up the brows of Morning, till the sky
Catches the signal and the wan stars die;
A million golden lances quivering rush
Up to the zenith—yet a fiercer blush
Burns in the East, and lo! his lidless eye
The Sun lifts on the world. From height to height
Leaps downward to the plain the unleashed light
Hounding the shadows, and the voiceful earth
Thrills trembling into music; swift and bright
The sea laughs out in myriad-dimpled mirth,
And Life from Sleep's dark womb renews its birth.

NIGHT.

Upon the waiting world a stillness falls,
Like that which is the forecast shadow of Death;
The woods are voiceless; Nature holds her breath,
A weird expectancy the soul appalls.
Fleeing for shelter to his mountain walls
Plunges in sullen rout the Sun; beneath
The urgent feet of Night o'er hill and heath
His tarnished banners trail; his blazing halls
With ruin of lurid splendor light the West,
A moment toppling, then they fall away,
Flicker and fade. Over the ashen gray
Night drives her silver car; her starry vest
Wraps round the world that sleeps upon her breast,
And Life forgets to live beneath her sway. D. A. C.

FOREIGN.

THE spirit of ancient Greek art appears to be reviving in England, if we may judge from the number of recent translations of "Homer," and from the success which attended Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." Some of the very best poetry of the time was written under this noble inspiration, as witness many of the dramatic sketches of the late Walter Savage Landor, the "Ulysses" and "Tithonus" of Mr. Tennyson, the "Merope"

of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the tragedy of Mr. Swinburne's just mentioned, and a new metrical drama entitled "Philoctetes," the author of which modestly conceals his identity. He follows in the main the argument of Sophocles in his play on the same subject, but with an unrest and a bitterness quite distinct from the tone of that poet, and most unmistakably modern, reminding us of the daring of Mr. Swinburne, who reproduces the diseased skepticism of a former time with such audacious power. The new drama is rather faint beside the fierce but smothered fire of "Atalanta," but it contains much genuine feeling and plaintive grace. How touching, for instance, is this passage which is addressed to *Philoctetes* by *Ægle*, a girl of Lemnos:

"As for me,

So I may stay and tend thee till I die
Here in my narrow island, I demand
Nothing beyond. My silly chiding means
My only fear lest any change should come
Between us. Selfish am I, and I think
Sometimes that I would rather have thee here
Wounded and in thy sorrow, shame on me,
Than sound and whole away about the world,
Every one's hero,—jealous am I and base.
But somehow always in those after times
The old way of sitting here would come on me,
May be at spring the saddest, for they say
Old thoughts grow most unruly when the first
Bird calls out to the wood. I know not sure,
But when my brother left me this I know
That tho' the day went well enough with me,
There came a vague trouble with the edge of dusk,
And then the loneliness grew, ah me, with power.
But the old kind and motherly face of earth,
After a little, healed me to myself
With her old beauty, and the pleasure of trees,
And all the quiet wonder of the flower."

The choruses abound in vivid pictures, but are occasionally harsh and diffuse. They are unrhymed, which we think a mistake in art. The author, however, has Mr. Arnold on his side; at least he has the practice of Mr. Arnold in "Merope." A few lines from a chorus of Lemnian fishermen will show their quality:

"Mighty our masters and
Very revengeful,
Throned in the eminent
Ambers of twilight,
Helming the seasons in
Pastime they sit;
Tossing a plague on some
Fortunate island,
Carelessly tossing it,
Watching it go
Strike and exterminate—
Sweet is the cry to them—
As when some hunter
Exultingly hears
The scream of the hare."

MR. G. E. T. POWELL and Eirékr Magnusson have recently published a volume of "Icelandic Legends" that contains, among curious bits of folk-lore, the following poetic fancy, which the readers of Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend" will probably remember:

THE SAVIOUR AND THE GOLDEN PLOVERS.

Once, on a Sabbath, Christ, in company with other Jewish children, amused himself in fashioning birds out of clay.

After that the children had amused themselves awhile herewith, one of the Sadducees chanced to come up to them. He was old and very zealous, and he rebuked the children for spending their Sabbath in so profane an employment. And he let it not rest at chidings alone; but went to the clay birds and broke them all, to the great grief of the children.

Now, when Christ saw this, he waved his hands over all the birds he had fashioned, and they became forthwith alive, and soared up into the heavens.

And these birds are the golden plovers, whose note "deerrin" sounds like to the Iceland word "dyrdhin," namely, "glory;" for these birds sing praise to their Lord, for in that he mercifully saved them from the merciless hand of the Sadducee.

This quaint little legend occurs in one of the discarded Gospels, which may be found in "The Apocryphal New Testament," a translation of these pseudo-biographies of Christ published by William Hone, some forty years ago. It is a little singular, by the way, that the childhood and youth of Christ, which are so rapidly passed over by the evangelists, should not have given rise to more poetry than it has. We recall nothing on this subject in English verse except the following poem by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, by whom, if our memory serves, it was originally contributed to "Graham's Magazine:"

ROSES AND THORNS.

The young child Jesus had a garden,
Full of roses rare and red;
And thrice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for his head.
When they were full-blown in the garden,
He called the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"And now how will you make your garland,
For not a rose your path adorns?"
"But you forget," he answered them,
"That you have left me still the thorns."

They took the thorns and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head;
And where the roses should have shone
Were little drops of blood instead!

MISS CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, who must now be ranked among the English poets, has recently written a characteristic song on the season:

SUMMER.

Winter is cold-hearted,
Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weathercock
Blown every way:
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on its tree;
When Robin 's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren 's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat-fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,
And blue-black beetles transact business,
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.
Before green apples bluish,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town;
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere.

THE six hundredth anniversary of Dante's birthday has resulted in the first volume of a work entitled "Dante e il suo Siculo," which is about to be published in Florence. It is edited by Professor Ghivizzani, and contains in the way of illustration a portrait of the poet and a photograph of a Dantesque picture by Vogel von Vogelstein. Its contents will consist of a view of Europe in Dante's time, by the historian, Cantù; a view of the politics of the various states of Italy at the same epoch, by Luigi Cibrario; an account of the Dante family, by Luigi Passerini; an essay on the religion and piety of Dante, by Mauro Riccio; Dante's theology, by P. Paganini; his politics, by Terenzio Mamiani; Beatrice, by Gino Puccianti; the women of Dante, by Colombini; Dante's philosophy, by Aug. Conti; the "Veltro Allegorico," by Niccolò Tommaseo; "Hell," by F. Guerazzi; the "Vita Nuova," by Orlandini; the "Convito," by Fornari; the people of Tuscany at the date of Dante, by Gino Capponi; and the family of Dante during the century of the poet, by Enrico Mayer. Altogether the work promises to be a valuable addition to the Dante literature.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON is only one of many titled personages who have been interested in the life and fortunes of Julius Cæsar, a note to his second volume giving us a list of some ten of his predecessors, among whom was Charles, the eighth king of France, who delighted in the "Commentaries," and Charles the Fifth, who left a copy of them filled with his marginal notes. Ferdinand Gonzaga, Viceroy of Sicily, sent a scientific mission to France for the purpose of studying Cæsar's campaigns in that country; Henry the Fourth translated two of the first "Commentaries," and Louis the Thirteenth the last two, the translations of the two royal authors being printed together at the Louvre. Louis the Fourteenth translated the first book; Christina of Sweden composed "Reflections on the Life and Actions of Cæsar;" Philip Egalité ordered a map to be made of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul; and last, and greatest of all, the Emperor Napoleon the First employed some of his spare time at St. Helena in dictating an account of Cæsar's wars, which was published shortly after his death.

THE new theological work, "Ecce Homo," has caused a difficulty between two English publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., by whom the volume was published, and Mr. Murray, the publisher of the "Quarterly Review," the April number of which contained a severe review thereof. One passage of this paper was copied by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in the advertisements: "The shallowest theories and the flimsiest arguments find a ready reception in an empty mind, and their sole strength is the weakness and credulity of their dupes. Happily, there is a vast body of educated men who are better informed." Mr. Murray objected to this citation on the ground that it was calculated to mislead the readers of the advertisement, there being in the original article considerable matter between the first and last paragraphs cited which entirely changed the complexion of the opinion. He accused Messrs. Macmillan & Co. of "garbling" the ex-

tract, and they replied by saying that they had not done so, adding that "the first sentence of the extract fully expressed the unfavorable opinion formed by the reviewer; and that, in fact, had it not done so, the object of the publishers in reprinting it would not have been answered." The omitted passage complained of was this: "To refute all the errors which abound in 'Ecce Homo' would be tedious and useless." As might have been expected, this pretty little quarrel has been of advantage to the volume.

MISS MARGARET HOWITT, a daughter of William and Mary Howitt—an artist, we believe, at any rate, the writer of a volume on "Artist Life in Munich"—has just published "Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer in Sweden," a record of a year which she passed with Miss Bremer, not long before her death. This work, which will probably be reprinted here by the Harpers, is very well spoken of, both as a biography, which in some sense it is, and as a picture of Swedish life and manners. An anecdote related by Miss Howitt shows the simplicity of the Swedish character in a very laughable light. Two servants had tickets given them to go to a theater; they went and soon returned. "You have not been?" asked their mistress. "Oh, yes," they answered, "we went to the theater, and sat there till suddenly a curtain drew up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking, but as it was on family matters we felt we were intruding, and so came home." A contented Swedish hewer of wood and drawer of water was asked if his work was not very monotonous. "No, indeed," he replied, "there is plenty of variety in it; sometimes it's wood, and sometimes it's water!" Miss Howitt narrates this terrible historical incident:

"The wicked Christian II., surnamed the Tyrant, seized and beheaded Sir Lindorm Reder and his servants in Jönköping, after which, seeing by chance his two little boys, the one eight and the other six, and fearing that they might grow up to revenge their father's death, he determined to take their lives. The elder boy was first led out and beheaded; the younger was then brought out for the same purpose, but he, having no idea of what happened, and seeing his brother's clothes lying in a heap, and his stained and bloody shirt above them, turned with childish innocence to the executioner, saying, 'Dear man, don't stain my shirt like my brother's, for then mamma will whip me.' The executioner threw his sword away, saying, 'I would rather bloody my own shirt than thine.' But the tyrant remained untouched, and calling for another man, less merciful, both the child's head and that of the first executioner were struck off together."

The reply of the executioner recalls the scene between Hubert and Arthur in "King John":

"I would not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes."

THE poet Rogers had an adroit way of saying nothing when he had to acknowledge a volume of indifferent verse, which may be supposed to have been quite often in his long and successful life. Here is one of his polite little missives: "Many, many thanks for your beautiful little volume. I need not say, I am sure, with what pleasure I am reading it, or how highly I shall value it on every account, for your sake and for its own." Chesterfield himself could not have escaped more neatly.

M. LUCIEN BIART, a Frenchman who has lived twenty years in Mexico, has just published a work on that country under the title of "La Terre Temperée," which is said to be as interesting as it is important.

THE first volume of the "Memoirs of Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico," is just out at Leipsic. It is doubtful whether there will ever be a second volume, at least with the sub-title.

THE nineteenth volume of the "Correspondence of Napoleon the First" has lately appeared.

A NUMBER of Shakespeare's plays have been translated into Hindostanee and published at Bombay.

DR. STRAUSS has lately published a collection of his minor writings, mostly of a biographical character, which is well spoken of. Among others whose lives are handled therein is Justinus Kerner, the author of "The Seeress of Prevorst," and Klopstock, whose "Messiah" was looked upon by the Germans at the time of its appearance as not unworthy of Milton, a verdict which posterity has not ratified.

THE phenomenon which, for want of understanding it, we call Spiritualism, is said to be spreading in Russia, where a translation of the works of Messrs. Hare, Edmonds, and Talmadge has just been published, together with a treatise by M. Kardec on "The Simplest Forms of Spiritualism." A translation has also appeared of Swedenborg's "Heaven."

THERE are some three thousand Armenian manuscripts in the library of Edecmiadzin, near Mount Ararat, the seat of the Patriarch, among which are some unpublished

works of the fathers, and a number of unpublished fragments of Aristotle and Diodorus Siculus. Copyists are employed in the library, and these treasures are now thrown open to the inspection of scholars, for whose benefit a catalogue of the whole has just been printed.

PERSONAL.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND is to deliver his poem, "Jonathan at School," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Amherst College, in commencement week.

MR. THOMAS BUCHANAN READ gave a supper recently to the artists of Cincinnati at his new studio.

MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE is living in England by her pen. She resides in Kensington, not far from the late home of Thackeray.

THE *Independent* names Mr. E. H. House, who sailed for England lately with Mr. Charles F. Brown, as the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*. Mr. House has not been connected with that paper for many months past, its authorized dramatic critic being Mr. William Winter, who has filled that position since last summer. The theatrical critic of the daily *Times* is Mr. C. B. Seymour; that of the *World* is Mr. P. F. Nicholson; that of the *News* is Mr. T. Pictou; and that of the *Express* Mr. A. J. Daly, the adapter of "Leah, the Forsaken."

MR. HORACE GREELEY is understood to be at work upon the second volume of his "American Conflict," which will be published in August.

MISS EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, of the *Independent*, is the subject of a brief notice in the *Athenæum*, in connection with her lately published volumes of verse. "Miss Proctor," it says, "is a patriotic American, whose lays embody various episodes in the late war, or phases of social life connected therewith. She has the enthusiasm which springs from moral convictions, and no small power of bringing before the reader the scenes which she describes." The critic then quotes a portion of her poem, "The Mississippi," and says: "In this poem, as throughout the book, there is an overplush of fervor and epithet which a matured imagination, if sound, would restrain. If, however, the writer be yet young, this abundant blossoming of her intellect may be regarded as a hopeful indication."

LORD BROUGHAM, whose age we cannot pretend to reckon, must be a miracle of activity, if we may trust the paragraphists, one of whom tells us that his lordship lately arrived at Paris, on his way to England. He was in excellent health, says this Jenkins, and capable of bodily exertion quite extraordinary at his years. He left Cannes, where, by the way, he has an estate, in the afternoon, after an early dinner, traveled all night, and the next day arrived at Paris in the evening; then, after a rapid toilet, he went to a *soirée* to meet some of his French scientific friends, not retiring to rest until nearly midnight.

MISS ISA CRAIG, who took the prize for a poem on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns, and whom report has made the editor of "The Argosy," has lately been presented with a testimonial on resigning her post of assistant secretary of the Social Science Association, on account of her marriage. The testimonial consisted of a silver tea service and a salver, the last bearing an inscription which will hardly reach posterity.

MR. EDMUND YATES is the next novelist whom Mr. Dickens has selected to fill the pages of *All the Year Round*.

DR. HENRY DARWIN ROGERS, a native of the United States, late professor of natural history in the University of Glasgow, died recently at his residence, Elgin Villas, Shawlands, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

M. ALEXANDER DUMAS has left Paris for Italy, where he went to join Garibaldi, in order to report the coming war.

DR. WESTLAND MARSTON'S new play, "The Favorite of Fortune," in which Mr. Sothern plays the hero, at the Haymarket Theater, has reached its fiftieth representation.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER is about to publish a bijou edition of his "Proverbial Philosophy," which completes the two hundredth thousand of that work. It is to be dedicated to Mr. Gladstone.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT is said to be very ill from the return of a malady which has afflicted him for years.

THE King of Saxony has recently printed the third volume of his translations of Dante, "Das Paradies." The annotations of his Majesty are said to place him in the first rank of Dante scholars.

M. FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO has just added to his trans-

lations of Shakespeare two new volumes which contain the doubtful plays, "Titus Andronicus," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Two Noble Kinsmen," "Pericles," "Edward III.," and "Arden of Feversham."

PROF. NEWMAN has lately been revising his translation of the "Iliad" for a new edition.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH is to resign his chair of modern history at Oxford at the close of the present academical year.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S term of office as professor of poetry at Oxford will shortly expire.

ARCHDEACON WORDSWORTH is understood to be the author of the unfavorable article on "Ecce Homo" in the "Quarterly Review."

DR. NEWMAN is said to be the writer of a paper on the same book in the May number of "The Month."

THE Rev. T. Vaughan is stated to have written a review on the same vexed subject in the May number of the "Contemporary Review."

M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN advocates in his journal, *La Liberté*, the immediate formation of an alliance of France with Prussia and Italy in order to render the war short, sharp, and decisive in its results.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. FREDERICK A. BRADY announces "Trodden Down," a new novel by Mrs. J. C. Newby, author of "Kate Kennedy," "Common Sense," etc.

MESSRS. F. J. HUNTINGTON & Co. have in the press "The Book of Common Praise," by the Rev. Dr. Scranton—a collection which will embrace every variety of church music, arranged according to the order of the Christian year.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have in preparation "The Character of Jesus Portrayed: A Biblical Essay, by Dr. Daniel Schenkel, professor of theology in Heidelberg," translated by W. H. Furness, D.D.; the ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's "History;" "Principles of Wealth; or, Manual of Political Economy," by Amasa Walker; "Plutarch's Morals," translated by various hands and corrected and revised by Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard University; "Old Plays, chiefly from the period beginning with Marlowe and ending with Dryden, with Introductions and Notes by Prof. James Russell Lowell," in 10 vols. post 8vo; a 16mo edition of More's "Utopia;" and a reprint of Major's edition of Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," with wood-cuts and steel engravings. They also announce the publication of a new law magazine in the early autumn.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. announce "The Life of Christ," by the Rev. E. de Pressensé.

MR. M. W. DODD has in the press "The Faire Gopeller: Passages in the Life of Mistress Anne Askew," by the author of "Mary Powell."

MR. M. DOOLADY has in preparation "Ten Years of a Lifetime," by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer.

MESSRS. WILLIAM MCSORLEY & Co. announce "The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns; with some Accounts of the Corcoran Legion, and Sketches of its Principal Officers," by Capt. D. P. Conyngham.

MESSRS. GOULD & LINCOLN will shortly publish a "Memoir of George N. Briggs, LL.D., late Governor of Massachusetts," by Rev. W. C. Richards.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS will shortly publish "Self-love; or, The Afternoon of Single Life;" "Jenny Ambrose; or, Life in the Eastern States;" "The Gray Woman, and other Tales," by Mrs. Gaskell; "Moreton Hall; or, the Spirits of the Haunted House;" "Fanchon, the Cricket," by George Sand; "The Freebooters" and "The White Scalper," by Gustave Aimard; "The Young Heiress," by Mrs. Trollope; "It May be True," by Mrs. Wood; and "Elsie's Married Life," by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels.

MR. WILLIAM V. SPENCER has in the press "Our Heavenly Father," by Ernest Naville, corresponding member of the Institute of France, and former professor of philosophy in the University of Geneva.

MISS CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI is about to publish a volume of poems entitled "The Prince's Progress and Other Poems." It will be illustrated with two designs by D. G. Rossetti.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN has a new volume ready, of which an English translation, by Mrs. Bushby, is announced. Its title is "A Poet's Fancies."

THE Rev. Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, will shortly publish "Eastertide Sermons, Preached before the University of Cambridge;" "The Year of Prayer, being Family Prayers for the Christian Year;" and "The Year

of Praise, being Hymns, with Tunes, for the Sundays and Holidays of the Year."—

MRS. NEWBY, the author of "Common Sense," has a new novel nearly ready entitled "Trodden Down."

BERNARD VON COTTA has in preparation "Rocks Classified and Described."

SIR JOHN BOWRING is about to publish "Poems Selected from the Works of the Great Hungarian Bard Alexander Petöfi."

HENRY BYERLY THOMPSON has in preparation "Institutes of the Laws of Ceylon."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Please inform your correspondent R. that Tennyson's lines about

"Him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones"

describe the author of the "Inferno," by an unerring characteristic. Of all the master poets, the "singers" of the world, Dante is the one whose songs are confined to the narrowest range, and yet develop the most astonishing variety within that range; his harp is noticeably *one*, his tones gloriously "divers." It is hardly necessary to add that St. Augustine's famous remark in the "De Civitate Dei," though similar in thought, has no poetic resemblance to Tennyson's adaptation of Dante; that the key passage in literature on the subject is one of the commonest Italian quotations; and that Longfellow's "Ladder," like most of his really exquisite fancies, is borrowed, in gross, from the Italian.

Will your curious correspondent oblige me with his interpretation of these lines, also in the "In Memoriam:"

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo?"

And, after this, perhaps he may oblige us with an exegesis of the following:

"High wisdom holds my wisdom less,
That I, who look with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness."

The day will come when the "In Memoriam" will be thought worthy of more thorough and careful study and criticism than the best productions of Moschus and Horace. A ponderous commentary would be an anachronism; but a genial lecturer, not wholly destitute of poetical sympathies, who should read it to a class of growing youth, with a running talk, explaining its allusions and developing in various aspects the root-ideas from which it has sprung, would contribute largely to their present enjoyment and to their literary future.

Yours respectfully, L. T. C.

The note below comes to us from Louisville, Kentucky:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: The Fulvia alluded to in Tennyson's poem, "A Dream of Fair Women," and whom your correspondent, "M. E. D.," makes inquiry about in your issue of June 2, was a bold, ambitious woman of Rome, first the wife of Clodius, the tribune, and, after his death, of Marcus Antonius, the triumvir. She first came into notice on the assassination of Clodius, her first husband, when she had his corpse brought into her dwelling, and, having assembled the populace, she by her tears and language caused a violent sedition. Years after having become the wife of Antony, she took an active part in his proscription, and is said to have even sacrificed to her own vengeance several persons who had offended her. After the head of Cicero was brought to Antony, she took it on her knees, broke forth into cowardly insult of the character of the deceased, and, with a fiendish malice, pierced the tongue of the dead with her golden bodkin. Left in Rome alone while Antony was warring on Brutus and Cassius, she assumed the reins of government, and used her own pleasure about everything connected therewith. While Antony was in the East she grew jealous of his attentions to Cleopatra, and tried to get Octavius to make war on her husband. Not succeeding in this, she took up arms against Octavius, assisted by her brother-in-law, Lucius. After a somewhat determined warfare, Octavius besieged her at Perugia, and she was compelled to surrender to him. She then retired to Greece, where she joined her husband, but was coldly received by him. She died soon after, at Sicily, through chagrin and wounded pride, it was said, at Antony's attachment to Cleopatra.

C. C. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: De Quincey, in his "Literary Reminiscences," mentions "him who took away the bell from the Inchcape rock"

To plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock,"

and "which same rock in after days, and for want of this same bell, inflicted miserable ruin on himself, his ships, and his unoffending crew." Can you tell me where I can find the poem alluded to? If you can you will sincerely oblige

A READER OF THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, June 11, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: To your answer to the inquiry of Jos. H. Lippincott in THE ROUND TABLE of the 9th as to "who was the author of the verse,

"He looked upon the water and it blushed,"

and what were the circumstances of its compilation,"

allow me to add, in response to the second clause of his inquiry, that the line of which this is a translation occurs in a little volume of Latin poems and epigrams entitled "Epigrammati Sacra," published by Richard Crashaw during his student life at Cambridge. The line as given by you,

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed,"

is the translation most commonly used; but there is also another which appears to be a better and more appropriate rendering. The line in the original epigram is

"*Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erebuit.*"

"The modest water saw its God and blushed."

By a typographical error, uncommon in that valuable work, "Appleton's Cyclopædia," in the article "Crashaw, Richard," has the first word of the Latin line printed "Nympha."

It was after this publication that Crashaw took orders and became "a powerful preacher" of the Church of England. Expelled from his fellowship in Peterhouse College by the "Army of the Covenant," he fled to Paris and gave in his adherence to the Church of Rome, of which he was ever afterwards, until his death, a zealous supporter.

J. G. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Can you give me any information in regard to a short piece of poetry called the "Lay of the Love-lorn"? I have heard it several times, but have never been able to ascertain who the writer was, or where I should find it. The poem is written in a serio-comic strain, and, I believe, was produced by a professor of Edinburgh University. Any particulars you are able to give would be gladly received by, yours most truly,

C. A. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Will you please to inform me, through your paper, if Tennyson did not write, a year or two ago, a poem or song about the Volunteer Rifle movement in England, in which the line "Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form," occurred at the end of each verse? I cannot find it in the collection of his pieces published at the end of "Enoch Arden."

R. S. V. P.

Mr. Tennyson wrote the poem in question, at least it went the rounds of the press as being written by him, some years since, when all England was forming rifle companies for the purpose of repelling a supposititious French invasion. Why the laureate has not included it in his collected volumes we know not, but probably because he considers it unworthy of his genius.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1866.

"THE RELIQUES OF FATHER PROUT." What were the Reliques, and who was the reverend gentleman? As the writings of Francis Mahony are not quite comprehensible without these two points being cleared up, light must be let in. First, then, of Father Prout himself.

Some forty years ago, when railwayism was only *in ovo* in England; when the present Earl of Derby (then Mr. Stanley) was so incredulous about rapid land-travel by means of steam that he promised, in a committee of the House of Commons, that when the first carful of passengers, impelled by machinery only, passed over any iron road on *terra firma*, he would eat the iron rails; when of course railroads, spoken of in England as possible, were almost undreamed of in Ireland, the main road from Dublin to Cork, after leaving Kilkenny, was through Callan, Clonmel, Clogheen, Kilworth, Fermoy, Rathcor-mac, Watergrass Hill, and Glanmire—from the last-named place into Cork by the side of the river Lee. Fermoy, one of the prettiest of Irish country towns, was exactly two stages, or eighteen miles, from Cork, and Watergrass Hill lay between, exactly nine miles from each. (Here it may be interjected that Irish are longer than English miles—the rule being that eleven Irish are equal to fourteen English miles, and the reason being that what the roads may want in width is thus made up in length.)

At the time I have mentioned, every one between Cork and Watergrass Hill believed that the latter was the highest arable land in Ireland. A miserable hamlet it was, which would have fallen into utter decay long before but for the fact that, being on the mail route from Cork to Dublin, and there being a lively traffic between Cork and Fermoy by the vehicular means of stage-coaches, jingles, and Bianconi's cars, it was necessary to change horses there about a dozen times a day (four mail-coaches passed through daily), and thus a miserable population, of which ostlers, stable-boys, farriers, and so on were the aristocracy, contrived to vegetate. Forty years ago there were 500 of these wretched creatures—the poorest and the merriest on earth—and I believe the population is much the same now. Mahony, by the way, endeavored to prove that the place should be called Watercress Hill, from the wholesome esculent which sometimes appears at the homely breakfasts of simple livers, but watercress

only grows on low, wet places, and the hill in question had even a scarcity of pump-water.

Of this miserable place Andrew Prout, immortalized by Mahony, was parish priest for many years. He had been offered another and better (*i. e.*, more lucrative) parish by the Catholic bishop, but ever refused. He lived and died in Watergrass Hill. The fact is, his parish extended far beyond the wretched hamlet, and the rich farmers were liberal. Moreover, he was a welcome guest at the houses of the resident Protestant gentry, chiefly because he was a genial little man, who never talked politics or religion to them. Lastly, he had a very extensive acquaintance among the wealthy traders of Cork, who were so constantly sending him presents that it was said that half a score of his parishioners were fed and clothed out of his leavings. His cellar was always well stocked, and his parcels and baskets and *graybeards* (the lost synonym for our *demijohn*) were conveyed to and fro, free of charge, by all the public vehicles. Indeed, for the matter of that, so was himself. It was in the mail-coach that I, then in my teens, first met Prout—the roundest, oiliest, sprightliest old gentleman imaginable, and almost as small as Tom Moore, though much stouter. In five minutes the little *padre* had won upon me. Knowing every one for twenty miles round, he knew my parents, of course. Many a chat had I with him after that. He had the virtue, also, of being a good backgammon player.

Father Prout was very amusing, with a semi-boisterous chuckle in his conversation which always was a provocative to laughter. He was very gallant to the fair sex, without regard to rank or age. He very rarely spoke about literature. He had not a dozen volumes on his bookshelf. His only reading, so far as had been observed, was the Cork *Mercantile Chronicle*, published thrice a week, sent to him for nothing—for he was a great dead-head in his way. You might live in his society for months without discovering that Prout knew anything about literature, dead or living. He had been educated in France, long before the relaxation of the penal laws which actually made it a capital felony for a Roman Catholic clergyman to live in Ireland. The law had practically fallen into abeyance, and, when he got his parish, where the classics were in no demand, forgot them a soon as he could.

The fact is, if Father Prout could write a correct answer to one of the numerous invitations to dine, that was about the extent of his literary capability. Hence the fun, the frolic, on Mahony's part, of introducing the little *padre*, then lately deceased, to the English public, chief readers of "Fraser's Magazine," as a miracle of out-of-the-way learning; as master of seven or eight languages, dead and living; as a wit of the first water; and as a poet uniting in his own person the tenderness and passion of Béranger and Moore. The reading public of Cork, who had known Prout from their childhood, and often met the pleasant little *bon vivant*, used to chuckle over the thought of how completely all the rest of the world was *sold*. And there was something very ludicrous in hearing Prout, who could not write and seldom read, held up to universal admiration as a poet, scholar, antiquarian, and wit. There was the joke! Maginn and Murphy, both natives of Cork, kept Mahony up to the mark, with wicked enjoyment of the fun. Maginn told me, long after Mahony had gone abroad and ceased to write for "Fraser," that the idea of passing off Prout as a literary Crichton of the Catholic Church in Ireland, came into Mahony's mind as they were passing by the London churchyard in which rest the mortal remains of Joseph Miller, the actor. "There," said Maginn to Mahony, in that philosophic mood which half a dozen tumblers of gin-sling (a British *alias* for hot gin punch) usually engendered—"there lies Joe Miller, comedian, who for nearly a century has been credited with two-thirds of the best jokes going, whose name is on the title-page of a jest-book, who never made a joke in all his life, and who was so lugubrious in society that, out of sheer fun, the wits of the time, flinging off their *facetiae*, used to add to their point by saying that each was 'Joe Miller's last.'" In a month, Mahony handed him the first of the Prout Papers, only saying, "I should not have thought of doing this thing in this way but for what you said about saturnine Joe Miller getting the credit of jokes he never made, and he could not appreciate. Won't the people of Cork have a roar of laughter over our getting John Bull to accept little Prout as a wonderful scholar and great poet?"

So much for Father Prout. As for his "Reliques," they are linked together on one of the very thinnest threads that ever sustained the *eidolon* of a story.

A certain Frank Cresswell, the cadet of a poor and

proud branch of an old Irish house, is a briefless barrister in London, whence he is summoned by an ancient Catholic aunt, rich and dying, whose domicile is at Watergrass Hill. By her death-bed he first meets Father Prout. Lady Cresswell bequeaths all her lands and other riches to her Protestant nephew on condition that he will keep the fast of Lent as rigidly as if he were a Roman Catholic, while he lives. He promises this, becomes social with Prout, who is represented as a great fisherman, and oftentimes dines with him. The last time he listens to Prout's arguments in favor of an occasional fish-diet, and these, arranged as "An Apology for Lent," and full of quaint fancies and old readings, were the first of "The Prout Papers," ending with an account of the death and burial of the rotund little *padre*. The fiction was carried out by asserting that Prout had bequeathed a chestful of his own manuscripts to Cresswell. The next flight of fancy, after representing that Prout was not only the best scholar but also one of the greatest poets of the age, was to represent him as a remarkable conversationist, and to exhibit him as such a chapter was devoted to an account of an imaginary pilgrimage to Blarney Castle by Sir Walter Scott, when he visited Cork in 1825. The Ariosto of the North was given Prout as his *chaperon*, Mr. G. Knapp, then mayor, being also present. There are some slips here: Scott's "Life of Napoleon," not published until 1827, is spoken of in 1825, and Byron, who had died early in 1824, is alluded to as then alive. In this paper was given the polyglot version of "The Groves of Blarney," a lyric now well known everywhere, written some sixty years ago by the late Richard Alfred Millikin, an attorney in Cork, as a parody on "Castle Hyde," a local song, one refrain of which is

"The trout and the salmon
A-playing backgammon,
All by the banks of sweet Castle Hyde."

As published originally in "Fraser" (May, 1834), Mahony made Millikin simply the translator from an old Greek manuscript he (Prout) had discovered in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, but added what he called a Latin or Vulgate translation preserved in the Brera at Milan, a Norman-French version appended to Doomsday Book, and a Celtic-Irish fragment preserved by Crofton Croker. In the last edition of the Prout Papers (London, 1860), an Italian version was added, "said to be sung by Garibaldi in bivouac amid the woods over Lake Como, May 25, 1859." The Visit to Blarney was followed by an account of a dinner given at Watergrass Hill to Scott and half a dozen others—the mistake being, as in Sheridan's comedies, that all the interlocutors are made to speak well, and equally. Several "translations" of popular lyrics into Greek and Latin grace this article.

Next came "Dean Swift's Madness: a Tale of a Churn," in which Prout pretended to establish the fact "that he was the legitimate son of Dean Swift and Stella!" "The Rogueries of Tom Moore" followed, in which Moore was gravely charged with having bodily "conveyed" the best of his Irish and national melodies from French, Latin, and Greek poems. Here, too, was given Mahony's "Shandon Bells," the refrain being

"With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee,"

which is a poetical license, for the bell-tower is almost built up, so as not to let the bells be audible, and I never heard them, during some years of residence in Cork, except in the still night, and then only when the wind blew from a particular point. Moore was dreadfully annoyed at the article on his "Plagiaries," which he fathered upon Maginn. Succeeding papers, from Prout's imaginary chest, treated of Literature and the Jesuits; the Songs of France (four papers crowded with translations from and into French); the Songs of Italy, two papers; *Notte Romane nel Palazzo Vaticano*; the Days of Erasmus; Victor Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame (nearly all of this is left out of the edition of 1860); and Modern Latin Poets, three papers, the last of which appeared in "Fraser" October, 1835. The above constituted the whole of "The Reliques of Father Prout," two vols., London, and reviewed in "Fraser" March, 1836.

After several months' pause, Mahony resumed the Prout Papers in "Fraser" in July, 1836, and gave "The Songs of Horace." These are included in the edition of 1860. So are not a poem, called "The Ephiny," in "Fraser" January, 1837; three Songs of the Month; the Latin original of "Not a Drum was Heard;" *Les Poissons d'Avril*; Bob Burns and Béranger; Sam Lover and Ovidius Naso; and The Paper's Progress. These had appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," and it has been said that Bentley told Mahony they must not be included in any new edition of the Prout Papers. But

in the same "Bentley" for 1837 had appeared Prout's "Hot Wells of Clifton" and "The Sabine Farmer's Serenade," also by Mahony. The last named is really a Latin version of the pathetic Irish ballad of "Charming Andy Callaghan" (the air, by the way, is not Irish, but composed by the late Jonathan Blewett, an Englishman), with the meter of the original thus:

"Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan."

"Semel tantum dic
Eris nostra Lalagé;
Ne recuses sic,
Dulcis Julia Callagé."

In the edition of 1860 are a few novelties, viz., a Latin version of "John Anderson, my Jo," "The Red-Breast of Aquitania," "The Legend of Arethusa," "The Ladye of Lee," and "Life a Bubble," translated from the French of Theodore Gautier. The two last are serious. All these new poems are dated 1859.

Francis Mahony was rather low-sized, had a light figure and expressive features in his youth, but always dressed rather carelessly. In this he presented a marked contrast to his friend, townsman, and literary collaborator, Mr. Serjeant Murphy, who was M.P. for Cork for several years. Murphy's "make up," after leaving the courts of law to attend in the House of Commons, was always to be remembered. His attire was a study for a beau, and the graceful wave of his hand, daintily covered with a lemon-colored glove, of delicate Paris fabric, was as gracious as if its owner were a prince of the blood. Mahony and Murphy wore glasses, and might have been taken for cousins, so like did they look. The faces can be seen in the frontispiece of "The Fraserians," in the 1860 edition of Prout. Murphy is represented sitting near Thackeray, and Mahony, on the other side, within one of Maginn. The person marked "Percival Banks," shown between Southey and Thackeray, is Maclise, the artist, who did not like acknowledging his caricatures.

A Dublin paper repeats, what has been frequently reported, that Murphy, not Mahony, wrote the Greek translations in the Prout Papers. Certainly, the translation of "Wreath the Bowl," in the "Rogueries of Tom Moore," is attributed to "an obscure Greek poet called *Stukkos Morphides*," but the edition of 1860 omits a note in "Fraser" speaking of "a young barrister of good promise, Stack Murphy, of Farnival's Inn." The etched engraving of Mahony, in the edition of 1860, page 347 (of the original edition, vol. ii., p. 249), is as like as like can be.

Mahony claimed descent from a race of Cavaliers, the Mahonys of Dromore Castle, county of Kerry, who adhered to the Stuarts while they had a cause. His name is pronounced Mah'ony, and not Má-honey, as some mis-call it. He died on May 19, and his remains arrived in Cork, from Paris, on Sunday, May 27. They lay in state, in St. Patrick's chapel, until they were interred in the family burial ground, within the very shadow of the tower of St. Mary Shandon, the music of whose bells he had so sweetly sung. The Catholic bishop and most of the clergy of Cork officiated at the funeral, which was largely attended by Mahony's fellow-citizens, who were proud of his great literary ability. So ended the earthly career of the Rev. Francis Mahony.

R. S. M.

BOSTON.

Boston, June 18, 1866.

THE inevitable Gail Hamilton! The years go by, and every one brings us a volume, handsome to the eye and—well, *Gailish* to the mind. She is an undaunted piece of womanhood; there are few things she is not prepared to have an opinion about; and the more the matter verges upon the interminable domain of theology, the better for Gail, however it may be with her readers, whom she lectures in this impudent manner: "Some things I say of set purpose for your good, and the more you do not like them, the more I know they are the very things you need; and I shall continue to deal them out to you from time to time, as you are able to bear them." Considerate lady! There is one bit of wisdom about her at least—she knows her failing, perhaps I should say propensity. Those who have read her lucubrations know her trick of a certain second person, *Halicarnassus* by name, whom she introduces at opportune times, just when she wants to say something she hardly dares advance herself, and finds her interlocutor a most convenient scapegoat. So she writes of herself and this double of hers in the following fashion: "I am fond of theology, and he is fond of me; so it happens that from whatever quarter we set sail, we generally find ourselves bearing down upon theology—though the big ship often flies signals of distress, of which the little pilot-boat takes no heed." And she expects the public to be amused with this coquetting between *Halicarnassus* and herself! Perhaps the public would be better satisfied if *Halicarnassus* would turn such

a critic as Napoleon was when he snubbed Mad. de Staël with his famous postulate about woman's usefulness. The great Emperor did not like to have wise *men* about in petticoats; and the lady had insuperable objections to critics in ermine. Gail does not fancy critics in foolscap. She would a great deal rather have good-natured, indiscriminate puffs than ill-natured, indiscriminate growls, and thinks criticism is not always sharp because it is savage. I should feel very sorry to be put in the last category. Gail is too hearty, too frank-spoken, to be altogether easily offended at, whatever we may think of these qualities when we give them another name, which a fit of indigestion easily supplies for us.

This new book of hers which Ticknor & Fields have just issued, "Summer Rest," is as like the forerunners as two peas. The "Country Parson" does not run on any more equably; and there is something more than their common popularity that reminds us of their kinship. The lady, however, is most of a man of the two. She gives a kind of manly vigor to womanly foibles. Other women twaddle; but Gail's is a Yankee twaddle, made up of cuteness and impudence, and not a little good sound sense. It is twaddle raised above the level of humdrum; and when it is stiffened with logic, it is a very jerky kind of logic, that does not run smoothly in its gearing. In the present volume she professes on one point to be dealing with facts, and not inferences and opinions, and within two pages she is hard at work drawing conclusions of her own. She takes hold of the Sabatarian question with the ready slight of a showman, and what she has to offer on the point is anything but a digest of the multifarious literature and arguments upon the point. She falls back upon the English version of the Bible, in supreme ignorance of what divergencies may be in the original behind it. Nor is that all. She takes its English, and can see no meaning in it but what proves her argument. For instance, she would knock away the belief in the world-old institution of the Sabbath, because it is written that on Sinai God "madest known unto them the holy Sabbath," and comments upon it, that an institution with which we have been familiar from our infancy cannot rightly be said to be *made known* to us in our manhood, and so the Sabbath according to Holy Writ dates to Sinai only. I do not purpose to go over this vexed question, nor to give adherence to one side or the other; but Gail's "inferences" (which kind of thing she won't have anything to do with) are rather amusing.

I am glad to see that Little, Brown & Co. show by their fresh announcements that they have not wholly deserted the walks of general literature, though their new project of a law magazine is significant of their continued activity in a field they have so long harvested. I hear the editing will be in good hands, and it is intended as far as mechanical and literary workmanship can effect it, that the highest rank shall be attained for it. Mr. Bartlett is now carrying through the University Press with great care an edition of "The Complete Angler" in imitation of Major's well-known imprint. He has more than a publisher's pride in the matter, as he is a devoted Waltonian in practice, as will be seen by Lowell's tribute to his skill in some verses in the coming number of the "Atlantic." I have compared the sheets with an early copy of the original "Major," and the cuts seem to surpass even their originals in clearness and accuracy of overlaying. Mr. Welch's recent observation of the great printing houses of Europe has informed him very exactly of the deficiency of our American art; and with unusual care I look to see something very remarkable come out of this new product of the University Press. I understand that it is his opinion that in type work we have absolutely nothing to learn of our elders abroad, and we can even impart something; while in the delicate art of printing cuts he acknowledges their supremacy as yet. This is a matter, however, we may hope to be not long behind them in. The same house have now going through the press a translation by Dr. Furness (to which he has given an introduction and notes) of Dr. Schenkel's "Character of Jesus Portrayed." This is a biblical essay by the distinguished professor of theology at Heidelberg; and from the American editor's well-known extreme naturalistic views, the reader cannot be at loss for the drift of his part of the work at least. Our literature of Christology is increasing so rapidly that nothing but a marked essay like this of Dr. Schenkel's could be expected to receive attention from a house of their standing. I have already referred to Mr. Amasa Walker's "Manual of Political Economy," now so nearly ready as to be announced. Their advertisement also tells that Prof. Goodwin's revival of the usual translation of Plutarch's *Morals*, and Lowell's "Old Plays," and a new edition of More's "Utopia," are still in progress. W.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon. The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, etc.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, etc.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens, and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Received the Highest Premium—GOLD MEDAL—at the late Exhibition of the American Institute.

THEY MAKE THE LOCK STITCH—They never lose a stitch or snarl—the tension is self-adjustable and of no trouble; it is THE ONLY MACHINE having the

REVERSIBLE FEED MOVEMENT,

which enables the operator to have the work run either from right to left or left to right; it securely fastens the seam at any desired place, and is, above all, the least liable to get out of order, and its simplicity enables the most inexperienced to operate on it.

This Machine makes, if desired for special work, four distinct stitches, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.

The attention and examination of buyers is especially called to the superior merits of the Florence Sewing Machine.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Salesroom and Warehouse, 505 Broadway.

The Great Family Sewing Machine.**GROVER & BAKER'S**

HIGHEST PREMIUM

ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WHEELER & WILSON

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE AND BUTTON-HOLE MACHINE.

625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED**SINGER SEWING MACHINES,**

FOR FAMILY USE

AND
MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE... 459 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FIFTY PER CENT. SAVED

BY USING

B. T. BABBITT'S LABOR-SAVING SOAP.

This soap is made from pure and clean materials, CONTAINING NO ADULTERATION of any kind, will not injure the most delicate fabric, and is especially adapted for woolens, which will not shrink after being washed with this soap. It may be used in hard or salt water. It will remove paint, grease, tar, and stains of all kinds. One pound warranted equal to two pounds of ordinary family soap. Directions sent with each bar for making three gallons handsome soft soap from one pound of this soap. Each bar is wrapped in a circular containing full directions for use, printed in English and German. Ask your grocer for "B. T. Babbitt's Soap," and take no other.

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

STEINWAY & SONS'**GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES,**

Have taken Thirty-two First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and, in addition thereto, they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded, is abundantly proven by the FACT that Messrs. Steinway's "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS), and that their instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use, whenever accessible.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their

PATENT AGRAPPE ARRANGEMENT,

which, having been practically tested in all their grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that ALL their patrons may reap its benefit.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS

are the only American instruments exported to Europe in large numbers and used in European concert-rooms.

WAREHOUSES, 71 and 73 East Fourteenth Street, between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

THE HORACE WATERS

Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargain prices, \$60, \$75, \$100, \$125, \$150, \$175, \$200, and \$225. Factory and Warehouses, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from One to Thirty Tunes, costing from \$5 50 to \$1,500. Every variety of the newest accompaniments; Voix Celestes (Celestial Voices), Organocleides, Mandolines, Expressives, Piccolos, Bells, Drums, Castanets, etc., etc. Musical Boxes are very durable.

They are fine ornaments for the Parlor as well as pleasant companions for the invalid. Having given our special attention to that trade for over sixteen years, we are able to supply every want quicker and better than any house in this country.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers,
21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York.

Musical Boxes repaired.

THE BON TON FLEXIBLE SKIRT.

NEW SHAPES FOR 1866.

This SKIRT is made under a Patent, without the use of Gum, Glue, or Rivets,
AND IS CONSIDERED TO BE

THE LIGHTEST,

THE STRONGEST,

THE MOST DURABLE, AND

THE MOST GRACEFUL HOOP SKIRT IN THE MARKET.

Sold at wholesale and retail by the manufacturers' agents,

A. T. STEWART & CO.,
NEW YORK.

WHITE LEAD.**THE ATLANTIC WHITE LEAD AND LINSEED OIL COMPANY,**

of New York, Manufacturers of Pure White Lead, Dry and in Oil, Red Lead, Litharge, Glassmakers' Red Lead, etc.
Also Linseed Oil, Raw, Boiled, and Refined.

For sale by druggists and dealers generally, and by

ROBERT COLCATE & CO.,

General Agents, 287 Pearl Street, New York.

KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE!

EQUAL TO JAVA!

HALF THE PRICE!

GOES TWICE AS FAR!

Recommended and used by CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS, and PROFESSIONAL MEN as the Cheapest, Healthiest, and Best Beverage in the World!

Specially recommended by

Bishop Janes,

and nearly all the Bishops and Clergymen of the M. E. Church.

Also by
Dr. Ireneus Prime,
editor of the New York Observer, and by

Dr. Thomas A. Upham,

of Bowdoin College, Maine, and

Rev. Dr. Bushnell,
of Hartford. By the

N. Y. Eye Infirmary.

(It can be used alone, or, if preferable, one-third of Java mixed with two-thirds of KENT'S EAST INDIA will make finer Coffee than Java alone, and destroy the nervous effect of the latter.)

For Sale by all Grocers North and South.

The Trade supplied through the New York City Wholesale Grocers, or direct from the Manufactory, 154 Reade Street, New York.

RICHARD DAVIES,

Proprietor and General Wholesale Dealer in Teas and Coffees.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED 1819.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$2,250,000 00
ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1866, 4,067,455 80
LIABILITIES, 244,391 48

LOSSES PAID IN 45 YEARS, \$17,435,894 71.

T. A. ALEXANDER, President.

L. J. HENDER, Secretary.

E. J. BASSETT, Traveling Agent.

A. A. WILLIAMS, General Agent, Worcester, Mass.

NEW YORK AGENCY,

62 WALL STREET.

JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

ORGANIZED 1850.

CASH DIVIDENDS IN FIFTEEN YEARS, 253 PER CENT.

CASH CAPITAL \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, 270,000

Fair Rates, Large Security, Prompt Payments.

P. NOTMAN, Sec'y.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, Pres't.

GERMANIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

175 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, \$500,000 00
SURPLUS, Jan. 1, 1866, 205,989 83

TOTAL ASSETS, \$705,989 83

M. HILGER, Pres.

RUD. GARRIGUE, Vice-Pres.

JOHN EDW. KAHL, Secretary.

Knickerbocker Life Insurance Co.

ASSETS \$1,000,000 00

ERASTUS LYMAN, President.

GEO. F. SNIFFEN, Secretary.

H. LASSING, General Agent.

PHELPS, JEWETT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

CABINET FURNITURE,

CHAIRS, DESKS,

MATTRESSES, SPRING BEDS, ETC.,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

264 AND 266 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS FOR SHIPPING.

THE ROUND TABLE.

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SOCIETY, POLITICS.

THE ROUND TABLE aims to occupy the first position as a national weekly paper. Its CRITICISMS are prepared with a view to fairness and independence. In its LITERARY DEPARTMENT the ablest writers in the country are employed. And, above all, it seeks to discuss CURRENT TOPICS with originality, vigor, and impartiality.

THE ROUND TABLE contains each week a very carefully compiled Record of American and Foreign LITERARY, ART, and MUSICAL NEWS. To render this department still more complete, correspondents are employed in the leading literary centers, at home and abroad.

THE ROUND TABLE is devoted to the interests of the common country, and as such seeks to strengthen the ties of good feeling between different sections and states.

EACH ISSUE OF THE ROUND TABLE contains sixteen pages (with occasional supplementary pages), printed on beautiful paper, in large and clear type.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year, \$6 00 in advance.
One copy, six months, 3 00 in advance.

Single copies, 15 cents.

Ten copies to one address, one year, \$40 00 in advance.

The postage on THE ROUND TABLE is FIVE CENTS a quarter of a year, if paid in advance, either at the mailing office or office of delivery. Subscribers will please bear this in mind, and arrange for the postage on the paper at the office at which they receive it.

☞ Circulars and Specimen Copies mailed when applied for. THE ROUND TABLE is delivered by carrier in New York and Brooklyn without extra charge.

☞ Persons ordering subscriptions will please remit by postal money orders. Address all communications to

THE ROUND TABLE,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

NEW EDITION OF GOULBURN'S THOUGHTS,
REDUCED IN PRICE.

D. APPLETON & CO.,

433 and 445 BROADWAY,

Publish this day a New Edition, price \$1 25.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION; being a Treatise on the Christian Life in its Two Chief Elements—Devotion and Practice. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., with a Prefatory Note by George H. Houghton, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, price \$1 25.

The warmest commendations of this work have been received from the press, the organs of all denominations not hesitating to recommend the work.

Also, Ready this Day,

SERMONS PREACHED ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS. By the Rev. Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. Reprinted from the Second London Edition. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1 75.

D. & A. also publish, by the same author,
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOTIONAL STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn. First American from the Seventh London Edition. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1 25.

THE IDLE WORD: Short Religious Essays on the Gift of Speech and its Employment in Conversation. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, \$1 25.

In press, by the same author,

OFFICE OF THE HOLY COMMUNION IN THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER: A Series of Lectures delivered in the Church of St. John the Evangelist. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn. Adapted by the author for the Episcopal Service in the United States. 1 vol. 12mo. Nearly ready.

PRAED'S POEMS—IN BLUE AND GOLD.

WIDDLETON, Publisher,

17 MERCER STREET (NEAR HOWARD), NEW YORK.

The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. With Memoir by Rev. Derwent Coleridge. A handsome reprint of "Moxon's" authorized and complete edition, containing many poems before unpublished, and steel portrait from miniature by Stuart Newton. 2 vols., blue and gold, \$2 50.

Also, a handsome "library edition," on fine paper, in 2 vols. crown 8vo, \$4 50; half calf, \$8.

"It will be remembered that Praed was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won many prizes for poetry and was the rival of Macaulay in debate. His poems are remarkable for their easy flow, their happy verbal conceits, and rich humor alternating with occasional touches of pathos. Praed has always been a favorite with American readers, and this collection of his poems in the popular and portable 'blue and gold' style will doubtless be very acceptable in this country, where Praed's wit and tenderness are highly appreciated."

"Horace is not more charming in his gayest moods than Praed."—*Christian Examiner*.

"Wherever there shall be found a mind which appreciates the beauty of graceful thoughts and kindly sentiments, expressed in flowing lines and melodious cadences, there will be found an admirer of the poetry of Winthrop Mackworth Praed."—*North American Review*.

For sale by principal Booksellers, and mailed on receipt of price by publisher.

ROBERT H. JOHNSTON & CO.,

IMPORTERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND PUBLISHERS,

64 NASSAU STREET.

Literature and Curiosities of Dreams. 2 vols., \$6.

Knight's Illustrated History of England. 8 vols., cloth, \$25.

Todd's Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology. 6 large volumes, \$35.

Richardson's English Dictionary. New Edition. 2 vols., cloth, \$30.

Dickens's Complete Works. Best Illustrated Edition. 24 vols., cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

Bulwer's Works. Author's Edition. 41 vols., cloth, \$1 75 per vol.

Watt's Dictionary of Chemistry. Vol. I. to III., \$35.

Allison's History of Europe. 8vo Illustrated Edition. 24 vols., with atlas, \$130; without the atlas, \$100.

Aldine Edition of the British Poets.

A new and revised edition of the celebrated Pickering Poets will be ready for delivery to subscribers in September. Large paper, \$4 per vol. 52 vols. It will only be sold to subscribers, and will be the finest book ever issued from the London press.

NEW SONGS.

Under the Palms,	- - - - -	40 cents.
You'll not be Long Away, be Sure!	- - - - -	35 "
Be Thou Near Me,	- - - - -	40 "
When the Pale Moon Arose Last Night,	- - - - -	40 "
White Dove,	- - - - -	35 "
Coming! By-and-By,	- - - - -	35 "

The above songs are a part of a new series (to be continued) of songs now being issued simultaneously in London and New York. They are sung with great success at her concerts in England by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, of the Royal Academy of Music.

These songs are written by J. H. McNAUGHTON, author of "Babbie Brook Songs." The music is by the English composer, VIRGINIA GABRIEL, of whom the *Saturday (London) Review* of September 3, 1864, says: "Everything she writes shows the spontaneity of her ideas;" and of whom the *London Times* of August 15, 1865, says: "Miss Gabriel is never commonplace in her melodies."

Songs mailed, post-paid, to any address on receipt of the price. In Press, by the same authors: "There's but One Sweet Song," and "Under the Snow."

WM. A. POND & CO.,

547 Broadway, New York.

PURELY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1845.

HOME OFFICE. 112 AND 114 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ASSETS, OVER \$5,000,000—SECURELY INVESTED.

This is one of the OLDEST, SAFEST, and most SUCCESSFUL Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and offers advantages not excelled, and in some respects NOT EQUALED, by any other. Its Trustees in New York city are of the very first and most reliable names.

IT IS STRICTLY MUTUAL, THE POLICY-HOLDERS RECEIVING THE ENTIRE PROFITS.

Special care in the selections of its risks, strict economy, and a safe and judicious investment of its funds, emphatically characterize the management of this Company.

DIVIDENDS ARE, AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, DECLARED ANNUALLY.

The mortality among its members has been proportionately less than that of any other Life Insurance Company in America—a result consequent on a most careful and judicious selection of lives, and one of great importance to policy-holders. It offers to the assured the most abundant security in a large accumulated fund, amounting now to over

FIVE MILLION OF DOLLARS.

It accommodates its members in the settlement of their premiums, by granting, when desired, a credit at once on account of future dividends, thus furnishing insurance for nearly double the amount for about the SAME CASH PAYMENT as is required in an "all cash company."

The annual income, exclusive of interest on investments, NOW EXCEEDS

TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

This Company originated and introduced the new feature known as

THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN,

which is rapidly superseding the old system of life-long payments, and HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE SYSTEM OF LIFE INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES, and which has been adopted (generally in a less favorable form) by all Life Companies; thus attesting the force of public opinion in favor of a system so favorable to policy-holders as that established by the New York Life for the benefit of its members.

It has received the unqualified approval of the best business men in the land, large numbers of whom have taken out policies under it, purely as an investment.

AT THE END OF TEN YEARS ALL PAYMENTS CEASE ENTIRELY.

By the table on which this class of policies is based, a person incurs no risk in taking out a policy. Insuring to-day for \$5,000, if he dies to-morrow the \$5,000 immediately becomes a claim; and if he lives ten years, and makes ten annual payments, his policy is paid up—nothing more to pay, and still his dividends continue, making

HIS LIFE POLICY A SOURCE OF INCOME TO HIM WHILE LIVING.

The only weighty argument offered against Life Insurance is that a party might pay in for a number of years, and then, by inadvertence, inability, etc., be unable to continue paying, thereby losing all that he had paid. The "New York Life" have obviated this objection by their

TEN YEAR NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.

A party, by this table, after the second year, CANNOT FORFEIT ANY PART OF WHAT HAS BEEN PAID IN. Thus, if one insuring by this plan for \$10,000 discontinues after the second year, he is entitled to a PAID-UP POLICY according to the number of years paid in, viz.:

Second year, two-tenths of \$10,000 (amount insured), amounting to \$2,000 with dividend on same for life.	
Third year, three-tenths of " " " " " " " "	3,000
Fourth year, four-tenths of " " " " " " " "	4,000
Fifth year, five-tenths of " " " " " " " "	5,000

And so on until the tenth annual payment, when all is paid, and dividends still continue during the lifetime of the assured.

This feature, among others, has given to this Company a success unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance. Persons desiring information or Policies, or to be connected with the Company as Agents, will please apply to the Home Office, either personally or by letter.

There has been paid to the Widows and Orphans of Members of this Company an aggregate sum exceeding \$3,500,000.

The Dividends paid (Return Premiums) exceed \$1,700,000.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

THE EMPIRE DEPOT OF GAMES.

ALL KINDS FOR THE

PARLOR, NURSERY, YARD, AND FIELD.

CROQUET,

BASE BALL AND ARCHERY,

AUNT SALLY,

The New English Out-door Game,

And a General Assortment of Goods suitable for Booksellers,

Stationers, and Toy Trade.

A. B. SWIFT & CO.,

47 Nassau Street, New York.

A COMPANION TO CROQUET.

"AUNT SALLY."

A NEW OUT-DOOR GAME.

AT

KIRBY & CO.'S

DEPOT FOR CROQUET,

633 Broadway, N. Y.,

Opposite the Olympic Theater.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER

Is easy to operate—sitting or standing—injures no garments, and does its work to perfection in from two to four minutes; is durable, and is the only Washing-Machine that is LIKED THE BETTER THE LONGER IT IS USED.

Recommended as the VERY BEST by Solon Robinson, Orange Judd, Prof. Youmans, and many other prominent men.

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,

32 Cortlandt Street, New York

(Opposite Merchant's Hotel).

FOR SALE—\$16,000.

On Greenwood Avenue, Trenton, N. J. (the most desirable street in that city), three minutes' walk from the railroad depot and horse cars—a handsome, brick-lined, frame house; lot one and one-fourth acres. Two stories, with attic, and tower containing billiard room. Hall, library, parlor, and dining-room are frescoed. Steam-heater, forced ventilation, hot and cold water and gas throughout the house—every modern convenience. Veranda on four sides of house. Terms will be made easy. Apply to

DORSEY GARDNER,

OFFICE OF THE ROUND TABLE.

CHOICE LITHOGRAPHS OF EMINENT PIANISTS, ETC.

Celebrated Pianists. Presenting correct Portraits of Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, Jaell, Satter, De Meyer, Herz, Döhler, and Dreyschock. Size of the engraving, 17 by 25 inches. \$3.

Eine Matinee bei Liszt. (A Morning with Liszt.) Presenting correct Portraits of Berlioz, Czerny, Ernst, Krichauer, with Liszt at the Piano-forte. Size of the engraving, 13 by 17½ inches. \$2.

Beethoven's Dream. Size of the engraving, 9½ by 10 inches. 75 cents.

The Great Organ in the Music Hall, Boston. Size of the engraving, 9 by 10 inches. \$1.

The above are printed on heavy plate paper, with broad margins, suitable for framing.

Published by

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,

WITH

COG-WHEELS,

Fits any Wash-Tub, Wrings Clothes almost dry with little labor, and will save its cost in Clothing every year.

Sent for wholesale and retail terms; also descriptive circulars.

Exclusive right of sale given to the first responsible applicant from each town.

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,

32 Cortlandt Street, New York

(Opposite Merchant's Hotel).

THE SUMMER BOOK.

CRUMBS

FROM

THE ROUND TABLE.

A FEAST FOR EPICURES.

By JOSEPH BARBER.

("J. B." OF THE ROUND TABLE.)

12mo, gilt top, \$1 00.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT.

PUBLISHERS,

451 Broome Street, New York.